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REEDY'S MIRROR

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ST. LOUIS, FRIDAY, JANUARY 21, 1916

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WILLIAM M. REEDY, Editor and Proprietor.

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Reflections

By William Marion Reedy

O Horrible!

ST. LOUIS has broken into the Big League. The Police Board has appointed Miss Laura M. Kinkead a police-woman. She is to look after the conduct of women paroled by judges of the courts. The Chief's first instruction to her was that she should not permit the publication of her photograph in the newspapers, lest her wards recognize her. Not to have her picture in the papers—ever! Can any woman, or man either, bear such a certainty these days? A living death isn't in it.

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Problems of Preparedness

READING most of the articles for preparedness you'd think it is going to be an easy thing to get prepared. But don't you believe it. First, it's easy to say "Let us have a standing army of 500,000." But where are we to get that many men? The army cannot be kept up to its present complement of men. Americans won't enlist in numbers, save in hard times, and the record of annual desertions is depressing. Well then, "Let us have the Government take over the militia of the states." But the consent of the individual states must be secured, and that is not going to be easy. The states will not want to bear the expense and give the Government control. "Let us adopt the Swiss system, then." Here, again, is a difficulty. The Swiss system begins with training in the schools. The states support the schools. They won't want to pay their money to educate soldiers. Later it will take men from their work. They will have to be paid for their time. Who will pay, the states or the United States? Suppose we go to conscription. The people will not stand for that. The National Government cannot quickly do much of anything without co-operation of the states and that co-operation will involve changes in the National Constitution. Secretary of War Garrison makes all these points clear, and the main point is that with regard to the military system there is no unity of authority, responsibility and control. Secretary Garrison plans a small regular army and a continental army, raised 133,000 men at a time, each to serve three years, until it reaches 400,000. The continental army is to be "recruited territorially," say 333 each year from each of the 400 Congressional districts. But if the men won't come? Compel them. It will be seen, that while the Secretary of War finds it easy to knock out all other plans of preparedness, his own plan is up against the objections to those other plans. Chiefly the individual states are in the way, and then the people are not wild for military service. Nor are they hot for centralization. The present Constitution is an obstacle. It will take time to change that and, considering the theory that there is no time to be lost, we cannot wait on that change. But can we proceed extra-constitutionally? It is not likely. Preparedness is easy—to talk about.

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Another Wendell Phillips

You should read the January issue of *Pearson's Magazine*—the only radical magazine

that's left—and learn about Rev. Herbert S. Bigelow of Cincinnati. He is the man who put the initiative and referendum in the Ohio constitution, converting the convention thereto by a great speech on the floor. This preacher has put Christianity into practical politics as no other man has done before in this country. He was pastor of the Vine Street Congregational Church in Cincinnati. That used to be a station on the old underground railway for the delivery of Southern slaves, but when Bigelow, forty years after the war, brought a colored man into the membership, he blew up the congregation. He insisted on justice in government and particularly on a just conception of property. He preached single tax. He became a coadjutor of Tom L. Johnson, once reviled, now almost sainted, in Ohio. He was gloriously wallowed when he ran for Secretary of State, but from his church headquarters he organized the campaign for a new constitution, forced the Legislature to call the convention, was elected as a delegate and was chosen chairman. All the progressiveness there is in the constitution framed by that convention and adopted by the people of Ohio was put in it chiefly through the effort of Herbert S. Bigelow. He is still fighting all over Ohio for economic justice. And his shibboleth is the same as that of the late Father McGlynn—"There was a man sent of God, and his name is Henry George." If Herbert S. Bigelow is booked for an address within reaching distance of you, go hear him. He is the most eloquent man in this country to-day, lifting you to Heaven without ever taking your feet off what Prof. L. H. Bailey calls "the holy earth." For getting his effects without getting away from his subject, there is no speaker of English to compare with him, unless it be David Lloyd George. C. P. Connolly's sketch of him in the January *Pearson's* is a fine example of cordial biography.

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A Howl About Income Taxation

GOVERNOR MCCALL, of Massachusetts, told the legislature of that state, in his message, that the states were making a mistake in surrendering to the national government powers of taxation they need for their own development and operation. The states need the income tax. They should have such taxes as those on gasoline and motor vehicles, for the building and up-keep of their own roads. The Governor maintains that the national government should get its taxes by indirection and from "intangibles." That means, of course, tariff taxation and taxation on luxuries. It means, too, that states like New York, Pennsylvania, Massachusetts and Illinois object to their paying \$42,365,185.73 or 52.83 per cent of the corporation and individual income tax when they possess \$62,000,000,000, or one-third of the wealth. They want the tax apportioned on a census basis. All the Eastern States think and feel that way. Rhode Island pays more than Nebraska; Delaware than Alabama; Massachusetts more than Iowa with \$1,500,000 more wealth. There's a good deal of income from the West and South concentrated in those same Eastern States. It is not income from the labor of the people of those Eastern States. It is income from privilege held by Eastern people in Western States. It is largely wealth created

by Western activities and pocketed by Easterners—it is unearned increment that does not justly belong to those who take it. If the Western States do not tax that unearned income, and the Eastern States do not tax it either, for justice's sake it is just as well that the Federal government should take it. The States now find they need this revenue. They want to levy income taxes of their own on corporations and individuals, and they are confronted by the difficulty of double taxation. Still their cry for apportionment of income tax is worthless, since it is not states but people and property that are taxed, and a lot of income enjoyed in one state should be taxed in the states where it is made. Senator Sherman, of Illinois, is all worked up about this inequality of taxation as between the states, forgetting that, to say the least, the states have slept on their rights. The yelp about inequality is part of the campaign to shift taxes back to the protective tariff basis. That will make the little fellows who have no privileges pay as much taxes on what they consume, as the big fellows fattened on privilege—the big fellows, who like the common people who work while the big fellows sleep. I cannot grieve with Governor McCall and Senator Sherman. They want to shift the incidence of taxation upon the producers and off the parasites. They want their states to take back if possible sources of revenue now possessed by the Nation, but I do not observe that they want to make any distinction between earned income and unearned income, the first of which should not be taxed, while the second should, as it is earned, not by those who take it but by *everybody's* effort. There's only one tax that will straighten out all revenue difficulties. That is a tax upon land values and it will provide revenue for both states and Nation if it takes all the value, save such as may arise out of individual use of the land. There should be no tax, municipal, state or national, on production. And this will the more plainly appear as men like Governor McCall, of Massachusetts, Senator Sherman, of Ohio, and Chauncey Depew, of New York, vent their ululations over the disproportion of Federal income taxes between some states and others. The secret of the way out lies in an understanding of what income belongs to the individual, and what to the community.

♦♦

A Fire in the Brush Over Frisco

How much more than the straight interest on the first \$25,000,000 will that \$25,000,000 cost when the \$6,000,000 of expenses of reorganization of the Frisco railroad have to come out of it? How strong will the formulators of such a reorganization be in the financial world when they want money for future development and extension work on the road? The money raised on bonds should go into the road. Only on assurance that this will be the case will the bonds sell as high as any similar bond in the country. Such a quality of credit is called for by the volume of tonnage and the rate of development of the Southwest served by the Frisco. The Public Service Commission of Missouri must not permit a reorganization of the Frisco on what Mr. Yoakum calls 80-cent dollars, or less. A telegram from New York on Sunday intimated that if the reorganizers are not given their way in the matter of a voting trust and in the matter of 80-cent dollars, or less, the bondholders will foreclose upon the property. Even if they do, they will have to come eventually to the Missouri Public Service Commission to reorganize, and the State will insist upon honest capitalization. Wall Street speaks slightly of the opposition of "Mr. Yoakum and some of his Western friends."

Wall Street ignores the fact that it is not so much Mr. Yoakum and his friends who oppose this reorganization "pudding" or "melon" as it is the States of Missouri and Oklahoma, now, and Texas and Louisiana, later, that object to the programme of loot. And if Wall Street insists upon forcing the issue in the case of the Frisco, there will be difficulty, not only in authorization, but in raising money for every other proposed reorganization of railroads now in receivership. It is not a question of Mr. Yoakum's interest or prestige that is involved—though all Mr. Yoakum did, as president of the Frisco, had the approval and support of the interests now bullying him—it is a question of preventing a reorganization of the road on such a basis that the people of the region served by the road will be compelled to pay in rates millions of dollars of interest on money that has not been put into the property. Wall Street may be out to get Mr. Yoakum's blood. Missouri and Oklahoma and other states are out to get the water out of the Frisco reorganization. The public of the Southwest wants a reorganization of the Frisco "on the level," and that is what Mr. Yoakum is pleading for. And Senator Reed, of Missouri, now in the case, is likely to start such a fire in the brush as not all the water in Wall Street will be able to extinguish.

♦♦

MR. BRYAN is not overlooking anything in the matter of preparedness against Mr. Wilson at St. Louis in June, 1916. "God bless you!"

♦♦

Our Predestinarian President

A CORRESPONDENT of the *Post-Dispatch*, Charles E. Gibson, has torpedoed President Wilson's letter to A. Mitchell Palmer, repudiating the single term for president declaration by the Baltimore convention. He says some things that make the apologists of that repudiation seem, at the very least, disingenuous. The party pledged itself to the single term principle, favoring its embodiment in a constitutional amendment. Wilsonians say the President is not bound by the pledge not to run again, because the amendment to the Constitution has not been adopted. There is no law against his being a candidate to succeed himself. Which is true. But Mr. Gibson says that the reason there is not a law is to be found in action by President Wilson. He puts the case clearly thus: "A resolution for a constitutional amendment had passed the United States Senate and its passage in the House was imminent. It was at this juncture that the celebrated letter to A. Mitchell Palmer was written and its contents circulated among the leading members of Congress." The President was newly elected. The Congress was looking to him for patronage. The publication of his personal letter came upon the Congress with all the effect of a Presidential Message, requesting, even ordering the killing of the resolution. The letter caused the matter to be dropped, like a hot potato. The party attempted to redeem its convention pledge, but the President interposed with his unofficial veto. There doesn't seem to be any getting away from the case against the President as Mr. Gibson states it. There isn't any law against a President succeeding himself because Mr. President Wilson killed the proposed law. There could not have been any objection to the President's action if he had ever during the canvass indicated that he did not believe in the single term plank. It is not exactly a nice performance to record of the President, but as matters stand the subtlety of its duplicity is not an issue. The Democratic party must

re-nominate Mr. President Wilson because it has nobody else to nominate. The President is a typical predestinarian. He fixes things so they are predestined to work out his way.

♦♦

The Lull on the Western Front

ONE can understand the British blunder at Gallipoli, the blunder of the too late attempt to relieve Serbia, the general blunder in the Balkan situation, the apparent blunder in Mesopotamia. They are simply blunders and blundering in war is a British specialty, as her whole history shows. But what no military mind can understand is the lull in the Allies' activity on the Western front. The British leaders say their forces are growing stronger all the time, the enemy forces weaker. Yet nothing is done with that increased strength. But the Germans, while losing strength in men, must be gaining strength in machinery, and this is a machine war. If Allied delay in attack is based on calculation that to break through the German line will be less costly in life later, they are likely to be mistaken, for fewer of the enemy will be able better to hold the line, with more and better fortification and machinery. The chances are a delayed offensive will be more rather than less costly and against a lesser number of the enemy holding improved and strengthened siege positions. That entrenchments could be taken by battering just as the Germans took the Liege and Antwerp fortifications was shown by the Allies' attack at Neuve Chappelle and Loos. Probably it was necessary not to press the fighting then because of lack of ammunition, but how about the time since? The supply of shell must have piled up enormously, under the impetus of the activity of Lloyd George, Minister of Munitions. Say that the Allies proved in the big Champagne advance that they *could* advance and that having proved it they take their time to get such a supply of shells as will leave nothing to chance when they do advance. Very well; but the delay in attack is long; it gives the enemy time to fortify himself and all the while the Allies do not move on the Western battle front the Germans are active in the East, menacing Egypt. While the Allies do nothing in France the cost of the war mounts steadily and Fabian tactics are not in order, for such an expensive war cannot be carried on indefinitely. While the Allies wait in the West, Great Britain may be struck a deadly blow in the East. It would seem that not war men but hypercautious, legal and political men have too much say and sway as to the conduct of the war. The initiative is left almost altogether with the Germans and that is a tremendous advantage. At times it seems as if delay on the Western war line is a worse blunder than any made in the East by the British. There is nervousness over this in Great Britain. The *London Nation* says: "We have had too much tendency"—referring to Winston Churchill's declaration that the tendency of the war is all against the Germans—"let us have some episode." The procrastination too strongly suggests the possibility that when it shall become action, the action shall be another case of Lloyd George's ominous explanation, "too late." Great Britain's soldiers are all right. What she needs is generals. Maybe she may find some, or one, big enough for the crisis in the changes she is making, but the fact is that up to date she has bungled the war. Her unpreparedness explains all the bungling. Even the matchless navy blundered in the attack on Constantinople. Why? Because it was operating under the direction of civilians. No wonder there is a "demand for Lord Fisher's return," as the *Nation* says, "to the councils where his was the warning and, alas, in-

effectual voice." Lloyd George is not to be blamed for his admonitions against delay. There is much to be said for "attrition," but "attrition" is not all on one side. The war is to be settled on the Western front. It can only be decided for the Allies by finding a weak point of the enemy's line, concentrating upon it and breaking through, but delay means that the enemy is strengthening the line by fortification and machines and that the offensive becomes more difficult with the passage of each day. It does seem that what Great Britain in particular needs is to throw over her divided coalition cabinet and to let some one man direct the war. Great Britain needs a Lincoln in Downing street and a Grant in the field. It may be that Joffre is the Grant but we do not know. The Allies have the sea and that offsets almost all of the German achievement on land, but if the Allies do nothing on the Western front, as the *Nation's* commentator says, the Allies "can drift to the position in which an army unbeaten, except by the sea power, will be able to negotiate an interim peace, preparatory to a war in the future with an overwhelming naval force: the only alternative would be the intolerable armament competition over again." The Allies must win on the Western front or they cannot win at all. Waiting does not seem likely to secure victory, or even to ensure it.

♦♦

Is it a Book Bunco?

AN error of the linotype made me say in the last issue that the "saving" to purchasers of the new Sears-Roebuck *Encyclopedia Britannica* will be 46 per cent of the cost of the edition of that library of reference to those who purchased it within the past three years on a kind of guarantee that the price of the publication would never be lowered but might be advanced. The saving will be 64 per cent. That 64 per cent then represents just so much looting of the purchasers of the first edition, if, as is stated or strongly implied, the new "Handy" issue is the same book in contents but more cheaply produced. It is a tradition in the publishing world that a house which markets a book at a price and upon the representation that the book is not to be reproduced more cheaply, is guilty of a dishonorable act, when it issues shortly a cheaper edition from the same plates. If the new issue of the latest edition of the *Encyclopedia Britannica* is as good as the first, then the purchasers of the first are done out of the excess price they paid over that of the new edition. If it is not as good, the insinuation in the advertisements that it is so can only be designated a false representation. My recollection is that the encyclopedia now announced for sale at 64 per cent less than the other, was advertised upon its first appearance as never to be obtainable at first hand for less than the price at which it was then offered. I would not call this new deal in the encyclopedia a swindle, but, call it what you will, it is not a brilliant example of ethical merchandising on the part of the publishers or the owners of the copyright.

♦♦

An Excursion in Greek

A FINE performance, indeed, is Mr. Witter Bynner's rendition of Euripides' "Iphigenia in Tauris" (Mitchell Kennerly, New York) into English verse. It is fine because it is so near the Greek, because it is done with level directness of phrase, with a parsimony of decoration in presentation of the thought. There is scarcely a line, a word even, of excess in expression of thought or emotion by any of the persons of the play. Not only that; the language is simple, made up of short words that fall naturally into place and are not pre-

posterous for false poetic effect. The language is not rigid, despite its economy. It is plastic and limpid. The choruses are probably more of a concession to modern desire for ornamentation, but they are ascetic according to our standards, and yet they are so musical that, reading them, they seem to have rhyme or assonance when they have it not. The whole work has much of the primitive clarity of the Greek, with its brightness, its *hubris*. I will not say that Mr. Bynner is a better translator than Gilbert Murray, but I do say that to the extent of his intent, Mr. Bynner has succeeded splendidly in getting the Greek spirit into English speech innocent at once of stiffness and of flabbiness, speech not pompously literary nor degradedly colloquial. Isadora Duncan should be mightily proud over having such a thing so featly done for her.

♦♦

COL. GEORGE HARVEY is out with a cutting criticism of President Wilson's policy as regards the war. Which should delight the President, who once told Col. George Harvey his support was so fatal it should be withdrawn.

♦♦

Chubb-Chubb

My idea of a hero is: A man with a name like Percival Chubb—and looking it, too—coming out and telling the newspapers they are distasteful to the better elements. Percival Chubb is the perpetual rector of our Ethical Culture Society, but before the ribald press gets done with him, they'll make him look like the draper's assistant hero of a H. G. Wells novel. But that won't change the fact there is much truth in what Percival Chubb says about newspapers.

♦♦

Some Editorials

Is journalism literature? Certain hyperaesthetic critics say "no." They say; let them say. What is literature for? To drive thoughts into people's heads and set them working out into better living. Whatever writing does that is good, is good literature. So I would say the collection of editorials from *Collier's Weekly*, published in a book with the title, "National Floodmarks," by George H. Doran, New York, is literature. Everything in it is written as if there were sincerity and the joy of the writing in it. The subjects are a host for number, and a kaleidoscope for variety. They are dealt with in every mood of mind and feeling. No essaylet is long. Some of them are but three lines. They are comment on life's great movie as it has unrolled for several years. They are flashes at events on the wing, snap-shots at personalities in the procession of the news. The point from which the views are taken is that of both practical and idealistic Americanism. They are done in good temper. They are very inclusive and not unduly solemn or vapidly flippant. They are criticism and exposition. Now and then they are poetic. Open the book anywhere and you find a paragraph or two that will make you think, or smile, or resolve to do something for or against something. "National Floodmarks" is a book that will send you deep down into yourself or jolt you out of yourself and make you know that you are really alive. It is written by many hands, moved by their respective minds, but it has the firm, crisp, bright "note" of *Collier's Weekly*—a wee bit Rooseveltian, but with a strong flavor of—well the *Collierity* of editorial director, Mark Sullivan.

♦♦

"Watchful Waiting"

HUERTA is dead. Mexicans are killing Americans. Carranza says he will punish the murderers. We must give him a chance to fulfill his promise. If he does not, we may

have to do the punishing ourselves. It does seem that when we sent troops ashore at Vera Cruz we had better sent them further inland and more of them. Either we must protect Americans in Mexico or warn them to keep out and leave them to their fate if they disregard the warning. Why not do the latter? There are Senators who want to deny protection to Americans sailing on the merchant ships of belligerent nations. An open season on land and sea for Yankees or Gringos, if they won't stay at home but will wander about on their own peaceful, legitimate business. We aren't half as mad at Mexican murderers of Americans as we were at Huerta for having had Madero "executed" according to the custom of the country. "Watchful waiting" is getting to be painful.

♦♦

True to Tom

THROUGHOUT their history under the *Pulitzers*, the *Post-Dispatch* and the *New York World* have never been as long for anybody as they have been for Woodrow Wilson. They have not thrown a single editorial brick at him since he has been in public life. Perhaps this is proof of the advantages of a college education.

♦♦

Here's Your Hat

It would have been a good thing if Herr Johann von Bernstorff had been handed his passports the day after the appearance, in about forty American newspapers, of the advertisement warning Americans not to sail on the *Lusitania*. Germany and Austria would have had more respect for us.

♦♦

The Blackmailer's Tool

THE Mann White Slave act has been found to have been the instrumentality whereby a gang of blackmailers got some hundreds of thousands of dollars in the East. That law has been perverted in its enforcement to ends its framers never had in mind. It should be modified by amendment. The individual states have power to deal with all the cases to which this Federal law has been misapplied.

♦♦

Tom Daly Talks o' Bobby Burns

OUR Burns Club will meet next Tuesday evening in their rooms, a replica of a room in the Burns cottage at Ayr, surrounded by furniture, pictures and other associational articles once owned or used by the poet, and celebrate his birthday. Mr. W. K. Bixby, whose collection of Burnsiana is unsurpassed in the world, will preside. The guest of honor of the evening will be Mr. Thomas Augustin Daly, who conducts a "colyum" on the editorial page of the *Philadelphia Ledger*. There could be no more fitting orator of a Burns evening than "Tom" Daly, for his work in verse has some of the quality of Burns' own. Daly's poems of Americanized Italians are familiar to all readers, for they have been reprinted in all the newspapers. In "Dago" dialect he has sung the lives of these people with a charming sympathy and in an infectious music. The humor and the romance, and the tenderness, and the nostalgia of them are irresistible, and they are without trace of caricature. The charm of them is their felicitous blend of Italian thought, speech and custom, with American attitudes, lucutions and manners in developing contrasts of setting for the human traits common to all people. Tom Daly has sung, too, the life of the transplanted Irish, in a strain without suggestion of the burlesque that is often offensively conspicuous in the work of other poets in that genre. Moreover, Tom Daly has written at least one volume of child verse that is as charming in its way as Robert Louis Stevenson. We have

all kinds of poets, but Daly is a poet of the people as Riley is, and as Burns is, a poet of no cult or ism or propaganda, a poet of plain folks. He is just the man to tell the Burns Club about Bobby Burns—a singer of like themes to those of "Rab," an Irishman, kin to the Scotsman, a passionate democrat, an incorrigible romanticist and a humorist. St. Louis should not let the Burns Club have this poet all to itself during his visit. He should be given the keys to the city the while his friend, Fred Lehmann, sings "Tipperary" in the language of Goethe and Schiller, and Alex Gregg sings *Deutschland Ueber Alles* in braw Scots.

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Dangerous Matches

CANNOT the merchants, hotel men and others be induced to put an end to the paper matches, enclosed in paper covers, bearing advertisements? These are diabolical things, for when you use one of them to light a pipe, cigar or cigarette, the whole bunch is likely to blaze up in the hand or in the face, and cause a bad burn. While I had a bandaged hand and a blistered chin from such an accident, a half dozen men told me of like experience with such advertising matches, and I see that another victim has written a letter about them to the *New York Sun*. Such matches cannot but be dangerous to property as well as to person. Reputable merchants should not use such devices for advertising. Smokers should not either, for that matter, but what won't a fellow use when he wants a match? The fire and accident insurance companies should make war against the injurious conveniences. Safety first!

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Innocents Abroad

LUTHER BURBANK, out in California, has been exploited somewhat discredibly by a gang of "wise guys" who used his name to sell a poor book at a rich price. He has been "worked" even as Henry Ford has been "worked" and made ridiculous. Both are men of noble motive and altruistic sympathy, successful in their special fields of effort, and both have been imposed upon and used for cunning ends they could not see. Honest geniuses are easy marks for those who play upon their simplicities ostensibly for some large general benefit, but in reality for "copping the cash" for the promoters. Ford was fooled on the peace argosy, Burbank on the Burbank book project. And now and then it looks as if Tom Edison is made to talk and act foolishly for the benefit of various pseudo-scientific schemes and really scientific schemes.

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The Heritage

By Kendall Harrison

YOUTH said: "Give me a sword to hold
And I will stand at the Gate that God
Hath raised before my Motherland,
And never a heathen foot, for gold
Or lust of the fields my fathers trod,
Shall come that way, while I lift a hand."

But Youth came then to a man's estate,
And his dreams he laid in a musty place,
Saying: "War is a foolishness. I am grown;
No more will I stand in this crumbling Gate.
Peace covers the lands that love her face,
And names all nations' sons her own."

Age, in his shadow-curtained hall,
Shivered, and thanked a kindly Fate
For Peace that had given him wealth and place
And stalwart sons—upon the wall

An old sword hung—but his time was late,
And there were no dreams in his grey old face.

* * * * *
Then Peace lay prone in the reddened dust,
And the old man prayed for his shrivelled soul
To the God he had told himself was Fate—
And he gave the sword in its sheath of rust
To the dreaming boy who must pay the toll,
Whispering, "Take it, and keep the Gate!"

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The Hope of Glory

By W. M. R.

THE late Will Schuyler, who was Principal of the McKinley High School, was a much loved personality in this community among people of educational, artistic and literary interests. He was a practitioner of all the arts, had a pretty talent in painting and did at least one work in music highly regarded by the best judges of composition, a setting of Stephen Crane's "The Black Riders." He was the author of two novels, "Under Pontius Pilate" and "Mona Lisa," which had quite a success. The Four Seas Publishing Company of Boston has now issued a posthumous novel from his pen, "The Hope of Glory." This novel is provided with an extremely well written and discerning sketch of the man and his work, and more particularly of his philosophy, done by Miss Mary Fisher, herself a writer with two or three very good novels and some other works to her credit.

"The Hope of Glory" is, in fact, chiefly a study of two great characters, St. Paul and Nero. Students of history do not need to be told that these characters so widely different had yet something in common, if in nothing else, at least in their suffering what the Apostle described as a "thorn in the flesh," otherwise epilepsy. Mr. Schuyler has covered ground familiar to most fiction readers in works like "Quo Vadis," by Sienkiewicz, and "Imperial Purple," by Edgar Saltus. The best novel of ancient Rome and early Christianity is "Fabiola," by Cardinal Wiseman, and Mr. Schuyler, as well as all other adventurers in the field, does not approach it. The novelist has chosen discriminately from the works of Tacitus, Suetonius and others his materials for the historical color and the high lights of character in Rome at the time of Nero's reign. He describes interestingly the gradual change of the young and beautiful prince from a person of lovable character to a monstrous, bloodthirsty egomaniac. For his material necessary to the depiction of St. Paul he has, of course, worked the mine of the different Epistles, with some digging from the Gospel of Luke. The story is told in the form of letters passing between an aristocratic cousin of the emperor and a friend in Palestine. In these letters the character of Paul is slowly and elaborately brought out with rather a cumulative than any particular brilliant special effect. The Roman patrician is a high-minded Stoic who observes the imperial world rotting away and he displays a growing loss of confidence in the philosophy of endurance and a slow change of mind and temper which leads finally to conversion to Christianity. His way of approach is a modified form of the aesthetic progress of Marius the Epicurean to the same goal—a sort of sentimental journey, one might call it. The other party to the correspondence is, of course, a Christian, converted by Paul.

Paul is depicted as a man of wonderful magnetism and passionate intensity. His travels in preaching the gospel are followed with fidelity to history and there is no important incident of his life in the sacred records which is not brought into play for the heightening dramatic effect. Mr. Schuyler is probably more concerned with the psychological analysis of Paul than with anything else, but it is likely that readers of the book will be much more attracted by the thunders and pyrotechnics in the painting of those scenes of profligate splendor and debauchery which are universally associated with the name of Nero. The reader is introduced again to Tigellinus, Petronius the *arbiter elegantiarum*, Agrippina and Poppoea. Of course, Petronius is a figure in the story second only to the

epistolary protagonists, and Mr. Schuyler has succeeded magnificently in conveying an impression of that delightful, witty, gifted and wearied cynic. Poppoea is described as a puzzle of womanhood made up of almost diabolical craft and yet with one virtue—a genuine love for Nero. In accordance with an apocryphal tradition the author makes her out to have been a Christian at the time she died. All the familiar stories of Nero's career, such as his play-acting, his singing, his driving in the chariot races, the burning of Rome, the illumination of the streets with tar-soaked Christian martyrs, his tenderness of affection alternating with wild outbursts of ungovernable rage, his cowardice and magnificence, are made to do service in the development of the story.

The Roman patrician, who writes most of the letters in the book, is finally brought into the Christian fold by the combination of effects upon him of his meetings with Paul, his observation of the depravity and sycophancy and general corruption in the Senate and the Court, and the fact that his own son has been inducted into the new faith and has fallen in love with the beautiful daughter of a freedman convert. It cannot be said that Mr. Schuyler has developed anything new in his atmosphere or local color, or, in fact, in the estimate of the character of the first Apostle to the Gentiles. The psychological explanation of the conversion of the patrician cousin of Nero amounts finally to this: that all his standards of conduct and of moral value are swept away by his contemplation of the degeneracy of the Roman world, and his heart and soul being left alike empty, the new creed, which sprang up, as it were, from the underworld, was the only thing which could fill the vacuum left in his spiritual nature.

In reading this story, one is again struck by the insistence of Paul upon the doctrine of grace. He has no answer for men like Seneca or Petronius when they assert that his belief in the resurrection of Christ and the immortality of the soul is not susceptible of proof, other than to say that they cannot attain to faith through the exercise of reason but must look to God for the gift of grace. To the philosophical mind this is as if one who declares his disbelief in God should be told that the boon of belief in God could surely be obtained by praying to the God in whom he did not believe. This is a philosophic difficulty which neither Mr. Schuyler nor anyone else has ever been able to resolve. Leaving this out of the question, however, it must be admitted that this book makes very clear the splendid pragmatic case which Christianity made for itself to high-minded and world-weary men of that time. It is very conclusively shown that neither Stoicism nor Epicureanism "worked" satisfactorily in the development of character in the then tottering Roman world, while the virtues exemplified in the personalities of the Christians did assert themselves as giving to humanity qualities which worked for better and for higher things.

Readers of the "Hope of Glory" will not find the book quite so sensational as "Quo Vadis," but they will find a great deal of history, sacred and profane, retold in a charming fashion. Particularly they will find the doctrine of St. Paul set forth with much clearness and probably most of them will be surprised to find out how little there is in it of modern dogma. An interesting bit of artistry is a conversation between the Roman patrician letter writer and Petronius in which the author of the "Satyricon," contemplating the bliss of a Christian mother with her child, prophesies that, in the time to come, the new Judean superstition, in its process of conquering the world, will glorify motherhood and exalt a representative thereof to a place close to that of the Saviour in the veneration of the multitudes. It must be said in conclusion that probably this novel would have been better if it had had more revision by its author. Its action might have been hastened, to its advantage, and much of the material which comes into the narrative now in the form of rather close copying from history and

sacred script could very well have been worked over into an easier and clearer style. Nevertheless, with such faults as it possesses, "The Hope of Glory" remains a distinguished performance in the evocation of a vanished age and in the presentation of the character of men who shook and shaped the world.

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Christmas in the Trenches

(This is a genuine document, written out for his nurse by a Scottish corporal who was wounded at Messines on 26 December, 1914. It is taken from the London "Saturday Review." It has not been edited at all, beyond a few corrections in punctuation.)

XMAS Eve in the trenches, and not too comfortable—pumps going night and day, but we could never bring our water-line to less than two feet; a small stream which flowed parallel and in front of our trench, and used our trench as an overflow, being the cause of most of our discomfort.

It was almost dark, and being only one hundred yards away from the German trenches, and at night less than one hundred yards (advance), it was almost possible to listen to conversations in their trenches, and by raising the voice a very little above the usual we could make ourselves heard and understood. Very little sniping had been done by either side; we thought they were exceptionally quiet.

We started singing carols and they applauded us—they sang and we replied. I don't think we were so harmonious as the Germans—they had some fine voices amongst them.

The stillness of the night and our mood (Xmas feeling) may have helped, but as the sound floated over the turnip field to our trench we were spell-bound. We gave them three cheers (British ones) when they sang "God Save the King." Quietness reigns again—what are they up to?—behind their trenches they had Chinese lanterns arranged at about ten yards interval; illuminations any other night, the glare of a lighted cigarette or the flash of a match, would have drawn our fire, but to-night no one sniped—it's Xmas Eve. We heard it rumored that there had to be a truce, but nothing was given out to us officially—the order was as usual: "Keep a sharp look-out."

Someone calling us from the enemy's trenches "Komradd (comrade), Onglesh Komradd," I answered him, "Hello! Fritz" (we call them all Fritz). "Do you want any tobacco?" he asks. "Yes." "Come half-ways," we shouted back and forward until Old Fritz clambered out of the trench and accompanied by three others of my section we went out to meet him. We were walking between the trenches. At any other time this would have been suicide; even to show your head above the parapet would have been fatal, but to-night we go unarmed (but a little shaky) out to meet our enemies. "Make for the light," he calls, and as we came nearer we saw he had his flash lamp in his hand, putting it in and out to guide us.

We shook hands, wished each other a Merry Xmas, and were soon conversing as if we had known each other for years. We were in front of their wire entanglements and surrounded by Germans—Fritz and I in the center talking, and Fritz occasionally translating to his friends what I was saying. We stood inside the circle like street-corner orators.

Soon most of our company ("A" Company), hearing that I and some others had gone out, followed us; they call me "Fergie" in the regiment, and to find out where I was in the darkness they kept calling out "Fergie." The Germans, thinking that was an English greeting, answered "Fergie." What a sight—little groups of Germans and British extending almost the length of our front! Out of the darkness we could hear laughter and see lighted matches, a German lighting a Scotchman's cigarette and *vice versa*, exchanging cigarettes and souvenirs. Where they couldn't talk the language they were making themselves understood by signs, and every-

one seemed to be getting on nicely. Here we were laughing and chatting to men whom only a few hours before we were trying to kill!

I was surprised at the good English some of them had, especially Fritz; and I asked him about it. He had been 15 years in Edinburgh, and only left in August when called up. He knew our regiment, having been in Edinburgh two years during the time it was there, and told me the name of the regiment that relieved us, also when we were relieved. How did he find that out? He wouldn't tell me. We were working four days in and four days out the trenches, and the coming in and going out were the most dangerous times we had. We were always having someone hit. I asked him how long he thought the war would last. He said it wouldn't have lasted so long if the Russians had still been beating the Austrians, but now that the Austrians were punishing the Russians, he thought it would last four or five months longer (at that time, according to our Press, the Russians were capturing and slaughtering the Austrians in thousands). I tried to convince him on that point, but he produced a German paper for corroboration. I was sorry I hadn't taken a copy of *Lloyd's Weekly* which I had in the trench with me, for his paper was marked "Military Press," and, as I heard later, printed specially for the troops. He said: "What does it matter how long it lasts or who wins as long as we come out of it safe?" and told us to save our ammunition for the Prussians. "We are the 28th Bavarians," he said, "the regiment that captured your Gordon Highlanders." He seemed quite proud of his regiment but they all had hatred for the Prussians. They had arranged not to fire for 48 hours, whether we fired or not, but warned us that the Prussians on their left would still be sniping. "The dogs," he called them.

They kept their word to us, and neither of us fired during the two days. It was like being in a different world. Here we were, Xmas Day, and able to walk about with our heads up—some of our men even left the trench to play football. A party from our "B" Company went over and were photographed with the Germans. As was arranged before saying "Good night," Fritz and his friends had to visit us this morning, and here they were coming. It was like an attacking force coming on to us in extended order, but all without "arms." Our Colonel, who had not heard about last night's occurrence, saw them coming, and also saw me up on the parapet and waving my hands as I called, "Here you are, Fritz." Very soon he was in a rage. "Who is that man waving the enemy over here? Send them back." He called out to them in German, "Go back or we'll fire," and everything he said in German was answered by our German friend Fritz in English. Our Major went out and spoke to Fritz. He told them that the only Germans we wanted near us were those who wished to give themselves up. Did he intend doing that? But Fritz was ready for him. "Respecting your rank, sir, but I am not here to talk 'politics.'" They were sent back to their trenches, and we were left at our loopholes with orders not to fire unless they left their trench, and then we could warn them back and fire high.

It was a very quiet day, but we had made friends with the enemy, and all day we kept calling and joking across to their trenches.

26 December.—They have not fired yet, but the artillery have been busy, and they have the range of our trench; they have started shelling on the right; word is passed along for our section to retire to reserve trenches.

I had just left my mud hut to carry out the order; the last shell I noticed had smashed our telephone wires, and the next shell I didn't know was going to strike me—but it did!

Result: arm amputated at elbow and shrapnel wound in thigh. In all I had six pieces of shrapnel and two bullets removed from me; but I know it was not our new-made friends the Bavarians who shot me, but the artillery of the Prussians—"The dogs."

I am at present in D. R. I., and words fail me in trying to express my appreciation of the attentions and kindness of our Sister and nurses.

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The Devil's Day

By R. L. G.

THE Devil's kingdom is come,
Ill is the news we tell,
The Devil's will is done
On earth as it is in hell,
He has us in his net,
We cannot break the spell.

The Devil's will is done,
There is none to say him nay,
The Devil's kingdom is come,
His poor thralls can but pray;
We pray in the black midnight
To the saints of the beautiful Day.

The Devil rides us down,
He treads us in the mire,
He is Prince of the power of the air,
He has power over water and fire;
We can but knock at the gate
Of the Inn of our Desire.

The Devil keeps his feast,
His court and kingdom and reign,
Our Joy is hidden and changed
To sick and angry pain;
Mary, Cause of our Joy,
Show us our Joy again.

—From *The London Nation*.

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From an Old Farmhouse

A MASTER OF LIFE.

GAZING into the sidereal hollow at midnight, appalled by the monotony of the stars—those beautiful imbeciles, repeating their idea by the tens of thousands—oppressed by the empty weight and airy massiveness of an incomprehensible Creation, filled with thoughts on Life and Death that are rather more like spasms of pain than thinking, I am one of those who at such times can only turn away with tears in my eyes and shuffle to my bed, weak at heart and discouraged by my pettiness, my ignorance, my poor accomplishment, my absolute uselessness as Life-material, my gifts thrown away, my soul in revolt against the stupidities of my body, my spirit dumbly resentful of the asinities of my tongue and pen. In some inner vestibule a sore voice is always crying, no matter what I do, "This is not Me! You are committing another treason, man. This is not Me!" And so, I think, I am to go on and die some day, a bungler . . . a poor, impulsive, blunted, stunted muddler, leaving no trace of what was the bright, sweet aether of my birth-dowry, none of the salient happiness that played in my soul like June air in a young forest. . . .

And like others, for there must be thousands of men such as I, when they roam in the black chasm of their futility and their treason done to life, I try to think that it is because the times are out of joint for me. If I had been born in other days, I would have done better . . . if I had lived in the days of Socrates, I thought!—as I laid down a book last night, a book called "Socrates, Master of Life," written by William Ellery Leonard.

There is no exaltation in reading of Socrates, there is only a prostrating humility. And there is sadness. The sadness that squeezes the soul when we contemplate any Master. Considering the simple record of his perfect life, I think the words of Christopher Smart can be much better applied to Socrates than to David:

Great, valiant, pious, good and clean,
Sublime, contemplative, serene,
Strong, constant, pleasant, wise.

As Shelley says, Socrates did well to die. It is the stewed hemlock has impressed the minds and op-

pressed the hearts of three and twenty centuries; that was part of his wisdom, of his Genius, to let the old, old story repeat itself of viciousness and self-seeking killing off goodness and purity only to find that virtue does not die. He had lived his full three-score and ten. Had he arranged it so that he went on living into the dimness and slithering decay of remaining mortal years, had he eluded the arresting tragedy, his whole worth might have been lost to us, his very name a shadowy mark like that of Crito or Phaedrus. Better dead, in the heroic style, with an heroic jest upon his lips. . . . "I owe a cock to Aesculapius," as who should say, that god has administered to me a drug which shall cure all my diseases. As the brave Raleigh, also unjustly killed, spoke of the axe as a sharp medicine.

If there is sadness in the memory of him, there was no sadness in his life. How could there be? Fortified by his philosophy, he knew that all sadness is the work of evil spirits, that melancholy is black because the imps of the diabolical are black. He was a merry old man, ready to take a joke and to pass one back, a very normal, a very human man. Let no one be dismayed at the prospect of studying Socrates or his philosophy. Of all philosophers he is the least profound, as he is, in Rabelais' phrase, of all philosophers the Prince. Again the triumph of perfect simplicity. He taught the youth of Athens their duty toward life and he sought to implant in them the plain principles of virtue. He cared nothing for the abstruse, the Absolute, and all such philosophical word-mouthing. Do every deed, think every thought in accordance with the simple principle of virtue (and every man instinctively knows when he is doing a dirty deed) and you will then be fortified against all the fears of life and death. That was what he taught and that was how he lived; so that it is no wonder Xenophon could write of him: "*No one within the memory of men ever bowed his head more beautifully to Death.*"

A very human man, this son of Sophroniscus, the stone-cutter, and so Prof. Leonard shows him in the sketch he gives of Socrates' life. The materials, of course, are scant. His writing friends all being interested in metaphysics, paid but little attention to the valuable biographical chronicle of the man, and he himself, being very wise, never wrote a book. "We surmise he had the customary education in gymnastic and in music." We know he made a good soldier. We know he was ugly, that he dressed shabbily and seldom washed himself, that he went barefoot, even in the winter snows, that he was strong and tough as well as brave—did he not carry the wounded Alcibiades off the battlefield and save his life?—that he was a hard-headed drinker when he wanted to be, able to drink the whole company of what might well be termed professional drinkers under the table or able (contrary to the opinion of Vance Thompson which I recently gave in these columns) to let the stuff absolutely alone. We know that he married Xanthippe, the shrew, and left two children by her; though what eventually became of them we know not, philosophers' children generally being sorry and inconspicuous stuff. We know she used to pour slop-water on him when he came home late at night. (A sample of his humor: when a friend asked him how he had ever come to marry such a vixen, he answered that it was in the nature of a philosophical enterprise: if he could learn to endure Xanthippe he could learn to endure anything.) We know that he went about the city of Athens, asking questions of carpenters and cobblers and mixing freely in what nice people call the lower classes, and we know also that the same man taught the aristocratic youth of the town and went, barefooted and dirty as he was, to the banquet tables of the elite.

We know that the conservative satirist Aristophanes (and much the younger man of the two) made sport of Socrates in "The Clouds." This play makes good reading to-day—real humor will keep stones and brass alive—and though full of exaggera-

tions, affords some shrewd pictures of Socrates in his home. And that, after all, is what the average man of to-day wants of the philosopher . . . not his philosophy, but his personality. In "The Clouds" an old man who has been run into debt by a spendthrift son conceives the idea of joining Socrates' school so that he can learn the twisted logic of injustice and thus become a clever enough sophist to outwit his creditors. In the school he finds the disciples puzzling over how far a flea can jump, which end of a gnat its buzzing comes from, etc. Socrates is called "Thou prince pontifical of quirks and quibbles" and is described as to his "proud deportment and high looks, in barefoot beggary strutting up and down, content to suffer mockery and carry a grave face whilst others laugh." He takes the old man into his house and gives him a pallet to sleep upon. Later, when in rage he calls to the old man to take up his pallet and come out of the house, we get some idea of what sort of house Xanthippe is supposed to have kept; for the old man's answer is, "I'll come if the bugs will let me." In the end he burns the house of Socrates.

It is in Plato's "Banquet," of course, that we get our best picture of Socrates . . . where Alcibiades comes in, exceedingly drunk, and begins to praise the philosopher by comparing him to the statues of the Silenes. A rare piece of writing, by the way, one fit to rank with the Thousand Best Excerpts from All Languages, if you are thinking of preparing such a volume. Alcibiades gives us some biographical detail about Socrates and some noble characteristics and declares that he is unlike "and above comparison with all other men, whether those who have lived in ancient times, or those who exist now." There was that sublime something to the man that aroused the affection and finer nature of even such a rogue, liar and traitor as Alcibiades. And what an end to what a banquet!

"Agathon then arose and took his place near Socrates.

"He had no sooner reclined than there came in a number of revellers—for someone had gone out and left the door open—and took their places on the vacant couches, and everything became full of confusion; and no order being observed, every one was obliged to drink a great deal of wine. Eryximachus and Phaedrus, and some others, said Aristodemus, went home to bed; that, for his part, he went to sleep on his couch, and slept long and soundly—the nights were then long—until the cock crew in the morning. When he awoke he found that some were still fast asleep, and others had gone home, and that Aristophanes, Agathon and Socrates had alone stood it out, and were still drinking out of a great goblet which they passed round and round. Socrates was disputing between them. The beginning of their discussion Aristodemus said he did not recollect, because he was asleep; but it was terminated by Socrates forcing them to confess that the same person is able to compose both tragedy and comedy, and that the foundations of the tragic and comic arts were essentially the same. They, rather convicted than convinced, went to sleep. Aristophanes first awoke, and then, it being broad daylight, Agathon. Socrates having put them to sleep, went away. Aristodemus following him, and coming to the Lyceum, he washed himself, as he would have done anywhere else, and after having spent the day there in his accustomed manner, went home in the evening."

Where, no doubt, Xanthippe met him with a rolling pin.

So much for a glimpse at the lighter side of his life. The serious side was devoted to teaching his pupils; and it was through these teachings that the authorities made up their excuse for condemning him.

"We are in the year 399 before Christ. We see little groups talking in the street. We see an ever shifting crowd at the portico before the office of the second archon. Now a scholar with book-roll in the folds of his mantle, now an artisan with saw and square, now a farmer with a basket of fruit, now a pair of young dandies, with staffs in their hands and rings on their fingers, cross over and having edged near enough for a look at the parchment hung upon the wall, go their ways, some with the heartlessness of jest or of pitying commonplaces, some with the

sorrow and indignation of true hearts. We see also an old man of seventy years coming down the steps. He, too, has had a look, but from the whimsical wrinkles on his cheek and brow we cannot make out what he thinks of it. A number of urchins follow after him hooting.

"It seems that Meletus, instigated by Anytus and Lycon, has done this thing; and on the parchment which he but this morning affixed in the portico are the following words:

INDICTMENT

"*Socrates is guilty of crime: first for not worshipping the gods whom the city worships, but introducing new divinities of his own; next for corrupting the youth. Penalty: DEATH.*"

After his condemnation, he spoke to his judges, declaring that his false accusers ought to be conscious of their impiety and injustice but that for himself he did not feel cast down, inasmuch as their testimony has not convicted him of the crimes whereof he was accused; no one has proved he sacrificed to any new deity, or that he had sworn by any other deity save Jupiter, Juno, and the rest which the city held sacred. As for corrupting the youth, no one has shown by what means he corrupted them; indeed, his teachings were to enure them to "a life of patience and frugality." (Many people have thought this obscure phrase about corruption had to do with physical relations. But a careful study of the accusations shows that what the accusers themselves meant was that Socrates had, on occasion, advised some of his pupils to do as he said rather than as their parents said. For instance, the accusing Anytus was a leather-worker who wanted to bring his son up to succeed to the business. The son was a pupil of Socrates and showed such apt qualities of mind that Socrates advised him to try for public office; his talents would be thrown away in the leather business. Socrates was right. After the death of the philosopher the young man drank himself into uselessness, fretting at being denied his opportunity.)

"If I die unjustly, the shame must be theirs who put me unjustly to death since, if injustice is shameful, so likewise is every act of it; but no disgrace can it bring on me that others have not seen that I was innocent. . . . I am persuaded that I also shall have the attestation of the time to come, as well as of that which is past already; that I never wronged any man or made him more depraved; but contrariwise have steadily endeavored throughout life to benefit those who conversed with me; teaching them to the very utmost of my power, and that without reward, whatever could make them wise and happy."

"Saying this, he departed; the cheerfulness of his countenance, his gesture and his whole deportment bearing testimony to the truth of what he had just declared."

Apollodorus, one of his disciples, meets him and exclaims sorrowfully, "It grieves me to have you die so unjustly."

"Why, Apollodorus," laughs the old man, "would you rather they had condemned me justly?"

In this way was Socrates "railroaded" and by the same old conservative element which, in autocracies or democracies, it matters not which, thinks to "clean out" the men whose sense of justice runs counter to their own notions of "expediency"—the Rockefellers in Colorado, the anthracite barons in Pennsylvania, the Southern Pacific super-thieves in California, it matters not who they are nor in what country, their aims and methods are the same.

Professor Leonard compares Socrates to Christ, as did Shelley, and hopes to make clear in his little book the philosopher's place in "this multitudinous business of salvation." This is of interest to others, not me. For me, the fascination of Socrates is in contemplating his perfect life. The man that makes me sad, that loads me down with humility at my own absolute failure, is the Master of Life of the title.

"Socrates has bathed to save trouble for those who would have to care for the corpse, and dismissed poor Xanthippe and the children that they might not misbehave at the crisis. The jailer appears. . . . 'Be not angry with me—you know my errand.' Then bursting into tears, he turns away and goes out, as the condemned answers his good wishes and farewells. The sun sets behind the hilltops, visible possibly from the prison win-

dows. 'Raising the cup to his lips, quite readily and cheerfully he drinks off the poison.' The friends weep and cry out; it is Socrates, with the venom working through the stiffening limbs up to the old heart, who comforts and consoles them."

It were better to have lived and learned and died under such a man than to have pushed haphazard into this later day only to throw

... für eiteln Glanz und Flitterschein
Die echte Perle Deines Wertes hin.

(Tell me not the day has nothing to do with life. A day such as this, from which, Life, as a perfection, seems fairly to have gone out—and only living, as a half-hearted compromise or a dullard aim, to remain.)

But many people, reading this, will say: we thoroughly appreciate Socrates' lesson by his life; still, after all, it is his thought, his teachings that are more important. What was his thought? A great philosopher must do more than live; he must produce. These are the people who agree with Flaubert: "The man is nothing; the work everything."

For such, Professor Leonard has a chapter in his book. Socrates taught that *ethical insight* is the *sine qua non*. "Socrates preached the self-reliance of an individual moral vision." This insight immediately merges into conduct. "Moral insight is moral conduct." Self-control, balance, poise, is the cardinal Socratic virtue. He thought less than we do of the "glories of doing one's duty against the grain." If you have the right concept of your duty, there is no grain to go against, the performance is effortless.

But, for me, I emphatically disagree with Flaubert. For me, the man is everything, the work nothing. When we are caught in the Trap, it is to the memory of the man we turn, it is to the Captain of his Soul and not to the scribbler. . . .

And, lo, as I wrote this, that very man rushed into my consciousness, pushing Socrates aside. Why should he come to me, limping from the shadows? Perhaps to contradict me, and show that "by their works ye shall know them" . . . for his lines ring out in my ears and I see now they do make a fitting complement to all the thought that has been in me this troubled and anguished day:

Behind, a past that scolds and jeers;
For ungirt loins and lamps unlit;
In front the unmanageable years,
The trap upon the Pit;

Think on the shame of dreams for deeds,
The scandal of unnatural strife,
The slur upon immortal needs,
The treason done to life.

Arise! No more a living lie,
And with me quicken and control,
Some memory that shall magnify,
The universal Soul.

♦♦♦♦

Apropos Poetical "Patterns"

By Joon L. Hervey

THE other evening, turning the pages of that amusing and delightful book, "The Story of Yone Noguchi," by himself, I paused upon a sentence which, to drop into the comfortable comprehensibility of the *cliché*, "struck a responsive chord"—a chord that still reverberates.

"It is the sadness of the age," he writes, "that we must have a reason even for poetry."

As it also chanced I had, but a few days before, been turning the pages of Miss Amy Lowell's "Six French Poets" (so admirably and adequately reviewed in a recent MIRROR by Mr. Louis Lamb); and in connection therewith, re-reading also "Sword Blades and Poppy Seeds," Miss Lowell's latest volume of verse. And the striking difference in attitude of the two writers toward their chosen medium of high expression came home to me arrestingly. For Miss Lowell is so conspicuously, so insistently, a poet with a reason. Her volume on the "Six French Poets"—is it not, after all, chiefly given over to their "reason why?" And does she not, in the preface to her own book of poems, emphasize with urgency, their *raison d'être*? Compar-

ing them, indeed, to the work of a cabinet-maker and declaring that their intention and technique require description and elucidation.

"East is East and West is West"—and of a surety never shall these twain, their representatives, meet at what we have been wont to believe the one universal *point d'appui*, the ultimate rendezvous where all differences of race and clime merge in sympathetic thought and feeling. The protagonists of Nippon and New England remain as far apart as the lands that gave them birth—despite the significant fact that the one came on pilgrimage from the Easternmost East to the Westernmost West expressly to saturate himself with its ideals; while in the other case, if the transit were less globe-girdling, it has yet involved the crossing of an ocean and a requisition upon the Old World for a culture transplantable to the New. Mr. Noguchi, it must however be observed, went farther, not only terrestrially but transcendently, than did Miss Lowell. He has so mastered both an exotic culture and a foreign idiom that his English poems, of which specimens have from time appeared in the MIRROR, delight the discriminating by their singular beauty and their complete effectiveness. Miss Lowell, as the results of her studies show, is a highly proficient French scholar. But it is improbable that she will ever attempt original compositions in that tongue with the expectation that her productions may successfully challenge comparison with the genuine *article de Paris*.

This difference, I venture to think, is due to the difference of attitude to which I have alluded. I can scarce exaggerate the pleasure and profit which the study of French poetry (or, to be less laboratorial, the mere reading of it) may confer. But there are husks as well as fruits in the harvest; and it seems to me, as it does to Mr. Lamb, that Miss Lowell (as he more poetically puts it) holds up to our admiration rather "the shallow iridescence of the shell" than the pearls that dwell within. Mr. Noguchi, on the contrary, with the depth characteristic of Eastern thought, has penetrated to the heart and soul of that which he sought to comprehend. It was, indeed, these alone that seriously engaged him and with which he was preoccupied. Hence the extremity of the contrasts which his Japanese English poems and Miss Lowell's Parisianized ones exhibit. His poetry is a product of the soul. It has no reason save itself for being. Miss Lowell's is, just as self-evidently—or should I say, self-consciously?—a *facture*. And, without its "program," its "reason," for what, poetically, would it exist?

As I have said, I have read and re-read "Sword Blades and Poppy Seeds." It came to me heralded as something extraordinary, as marking a new epoch (I use a somewhat pretentious phrase, perhaps, but I merely take it over) in the evolution of American verse. The anticipations thus aroused were not fulfilled for the reason—as it is poetry to be reasoned about!—that I demand of poetry, above all things else, that it shall move me, that it shall make me feel, shall penetrate and subdue—or arouse—me with its beauty or its power. Alas, the reading of Miss Lowell's verses proved the most miscalculated poetical adventure in which I have lately indulged. It was like taking ship for Cythere and disembarking at Brummagem. I had at least anticipated the thrill of the spectacle of a new Palace of Art—and I was let off with a piece of cabinet-making!

Not that the volume contains nothing to admire. One is constantly aware of the expertness with which the pieces have been put together and the lacquering done, the cleverness with which many of effects have been calculated, their facility of touch and ingenuity of detail. But to what does all this amount when at the end we have something whose appeal, when most potent, resembles nothing so much as that of a pounce-box of *pâte tendre* done in *bleu du roi* and *oeil-de-perdrix*? Such things it is true ravish the souls of "collectors." But I do not "collect" poetry—I love it. I cannot better convey what I wish to express than by recalling to the reader the poem printed in this collection (I

use the term advisedly!) which Miss Zoë Akins reproduced in her anthology, "The Shadow of Parnassus" (whose promised appearance in book form subsequent to its serialization in the MIRROR has not, much to my regret, materialized); namely, "In the Castle." It is an eminently typical example. The theme is immemorial in poetry and in a thousand variant forms has exercised the pens of poets. Miss Lowell has, assuredly, done it over into a most elaborate piece of cabinet-making—but, as poetry, twelve short and simple lines that Heinrich Heine wrote nearly a century ago upon a similar subject, are immensely more effective in their appeal to the emotions, the imagination and the artistic sense. Balzac has handled the "pattern," as Miss Lowell would call it, in one of his *Drolatiques*, as I also think with infinitely superior skill—though it is the custom, I believe, to deny that Balzac was an artist.

Apropos poetical "patterns," we may with profit direct our attention to the poem by Miss Lowell given the place of honor among the five "supreme" ones which, in his annual review of American contemporary verse, Mr. W. S. Braithwaite has selected as the finest achievements of 1915. Anyone sufficiently interested in the present observations to have read them thus far must, I think, have already familiarized himself with "Patterns," either upon its original appearance in the *Little Review* or later on through the medium of Mr. Braithwaite's widely-quoted appreciation. Upon that account it is unnecessary here to reproduce it entire. "Patterns," which runs to something over one hundred lines of what, if I may be allowed the paradox, I may call rhymed *vers libre*, displays those qualities characteristic of Miss Lowell's work, of which I have spoken, in the extreme degree. Of anything more distinctively a *facture*, in the way of a poetical production, it would be difficult to conceive. Its factitiousness is unconditional. The opening stanza runs as follows:

I walk down the garden paths,
And all the daffodils
Are blowing, and the bright blue squills.
I walk down the patterned garden paths
In my stiff brocaded gown
With my powdered hair and jeweled fan,
I, too, am a rare
Pattern. As I wander down
The garden paths.

The heroine's monologue continues. She minutely describes and re-describes the topography and the flora of her garden. Incidentally, she weeps—we have her word for it. She weeps because her lover has been killed in the wars. She weeps because she had imagined him discovering her bathing in the marble basin of the fountain (with her stiff brocaded gown lying in a heap upon the ground), pursuing her through the patterned garden paths and forcibly taking possession of her, "aching, melting, unafraid"—at which interesting moment one surmises that Miss Lowell has perhaps read *Mademoiselle de Maupin*, and that certain of its episodes have lingered? "In a month he would have been my husband," she—the heroine—explains, and then they were going to "break the pattern" together (interpretative exegesis here becomes unnecessary and might be embarrassing to sensitive souls) "on this shady seat." And "now he is dead" and it can never be! Hence these tears. And then we have the end:

In summer and in winter I shall walk
Up and down
The patterned garden paths
In my stiff brocaded gown.
The squills and daffodils
Will give place to pillared roses, and to asters, and
to snow.
I shall go
Up and down
In my gown.
Gorgeously arrayed,
Boned and stayed,
And the softness of my body shall be guarded from
embrace
By each button, hook and lace,
For the man who should loose me is dead,
Fighting with the Duke in Flanders,
In a pattern called war.
Christ! What are patterns for?

The sadness of it! That she has no other gown, no other garden, nothing at all to do but perpetually perambulate "up and down." (Have you noticed how perpendicular so much of our current poesy is?) Has she no tiring-woman to unlace her stays? Can-

not she hid herself to Paris—though the rue de la Paix were not yet *in esse*—or send there, by post-chaise, for brocade of another pattern, whence another gown might be, like her poem, fabricated? And why, oh why, cannot she go out of the garden? Why not walk, for a change, upon the highway—"up and down, up and down"—where there is much likelihood of her meeting cavaliers appreciative of the mood, "aching, melting, unafraid;" and, quite possibly, willing to help "break the pattern," if so her whim should prompt? Well—principally because it would "break the pattern" of the verses—after which the pieces might not be worth picking up.

Is it not the apotheosis of the artificial? Nothing more "precious" ever emanated from the Hôtel de Rambouillet. It might almost serve for an interpolation in *Cidre*, where the River of Inclination that meanders through the *Pays de Tendre* laves the banks of the Village of Pretty Verses. Except that Mademoiselle de Scudéry, despite the age in which she lived, was propriety personified and some slight redaction might be necessitated. So, rather, we may imagine it being chanted by one of the daring prima donnas of that day—perhaps even *La Maupin* herself. Cannot you see and hear her as, in her stiff brocaded gown, she walks up and down, up and down, upon the stage of the Opéra, mincing and mouthing and fluttering, all ribbons and ruffles and rosettes, gasps and grimaces and gesticulations, vocalizing with elaborate *floriture* all its sham pathos, sham passion and sham piquancy? Stopping after the first few bars to ogle the audience with an air that says, "I too am a pattern—of a prima-donna" and winding up at the end with eyes melodramatically rolled up at the ceiling, hand convulsively pressed upon her heart, and fetching out a shrill squeak of "*Mon Dieu! Pourquoi les patrons?*"

And if we ask ourselves the "reason" for such "patterns," we may answer, It is because they do such things in France—and, incidentally, very much better, as the old *mot* hath it. For they can be done in French with an effect impossible in English—due, as has been so often pointed out, to the differences between the two languages and the spirits of the two races, Gallic and Anglo-Saxon. But even in its very best French form, its latest Parisian "pattern," the result remains what Mr. Lamb has stated: the "shallow iridescence of the shell" of poetry, and nothing more.

The melancholy part of it is that Miss Lowell is capable of truly poetic, truly beautiful verses. She can write things that really move us. But her "poetry with a reason"—well, its puppets recall those of a French poetess, Madame Emile de Girardin (Delphine Gay), of which Sainte-Beuve wrote, "they are introduced without being believed in; that is unfortunate, even in poetry." And it was of the same lady that he was moved to observe, when considering her poems, "It is remarkable that women, clever and superior though they may be, rarely find their own forms; they employ them well, but they are borrowed from another." Madame de Girardin was an exquisitely accomplished, witty and brilliant woman, whose *poesies* were, in their day—and it was the day of Balzac, de Musset, Hugo, Gautier and de Vigny—applauded and admired. Their contemporary success was great—but to-day they are forgotten—very much as, I feel constrained to believe, the "patterns" that we have been studying will be, despite the acclaim with which they are being hailed. If, again, you insist upon the "reason," I will again refer you to the penetrating essay of Saint-Beuve that I have quoted:

"A great sage, Confucius, said, and I am entirely of his opinion when I read our writers *with their fine phrases*, when I hear our orators *with their fine discourses*, or when I read our poets *with their fine verses*: 'I detest, he said, that which has only a semblance of reality; I detest the tares lest they destroy the crops; I detest the cunning man, lest he confound equity; I detest the flowing mouth, lest it confound truth. . . . And, I may add, continuing his thought: I detest so-called beautiful poetry which is nothing but form and sound, lest it be

taken for true poetry and usurp its place, lest it disguise and destroy in people's minds that divine reality, which sometimes blazes forth, at other times is modest and humble, but is always elevated, always profound and which reveals itself only at its hour. . . .

"For those of us who have a mania for seeking something else and something better than we are offered, it remains to be regretted that the intellect, in Madame de Girardin, brilliant though it may be, should long have assumed so absolute a predominance over all other parts of the soul of talent, and that she should have perfected herself as a writer in a direction which is not precisely that of seriousness and truth."

♦♦♦♦

Vachel Lindsay's Movie Book

By Louis Albert Lamb

Every placer miner feels the prick and goad of a mighty yearning for the "mother lode." If the "pan" is scanty or the "flume" runs dry, in his soul he sees afar the dykes of porphyry where the golden nuggets gleam in rotting schist, soft enough to crush and mill with the naked fist. So, when artifice and guile lose their moving force, to the ancient Mother Lode ART must have recourse. This, in brief, is Vachel's summing of the case: If we want good Movies, ponder "Samothrace!"

IT is a matter of the Movies—and no mean matter. Reckoned soberly one person in every three of the population of the globe is intensely interested in "the films." In the United States and Europe on a peace footing, the annual attendance at "movie" and "cinema" shows is not less than three-and-a-half times the Census total of nubile age adults. The cash capital investment in the Movies runs into nine digits of the Arabic system of dollar notation. The ratio of earnings to plant value and operating cost is the highest ever known, considering the magnitude of the totals. Except chlorophyll and radium, nothing within the range of human observation ever attained so close to the efficiency limit of maximum "work" with minimum "energy." Charlie Chaplin pushed a cart of junk up a hill before the camera. The effort cost him 200 foot-pounds of "work." Since then the "reels" have magnified the total into the billions of tons. Get that? Hardly anything in the category of human endeavor has stimulated inventive effort in a measure comparable with cinematography. From the mathematician to the miner, through every department of physics, chemistry, and mechanics, the impetus of the Movies has been felt as a master incitation to thought, to ambition, to superhuman labor.

On the average, among people of the grade of society I know best, the annual "picture show" tax is about quadruple the levy for the public schools, library and Art Museum combined. And it is obvious that such an expenditure, tinged as it necessarily must be, with an educational interest, deserves altogether more attention than it has had from parents, guardians and teachers.

Vachel Lindsay adds a new glory to the metier of poetry by showing himself a poignant and penetrant observer and thinker. His book, "The Art of the Moving Picture," (Macmillan) is worthy of Auguste Comte or of Karl Pearson. It is essentially a scientific treatise, written in the golden tonality of Art. You feel a new respect for the poet-mind every time you turn a page. That a specialist in sonorous verse can think so well along Positivist lines rather shocks you and shakes your ideas about the "temperamental vagaries" of poets. In fact, when I read the book I wished that the omnipotent fires of creation had smelted Vachel Lindsay's soul and "Tom" Edison's ingenuity into a single ingot, for the fashioning of a perfect Movie system. It would have spared us a deal of eye-strain and saved much warpage of the juvenile fancy.

Mr. Lindsay classifies the Movies under three heads: Action, Intimacy and Splendor. The first category takes in all the "reels" that depict motion as the essential, apart from everything metaphysical. The second class takes in human psychology in its unit and group relations. The third is concerned with pageantry and the psychology of social masses, "crowds."

Mr. Lindsay observes that Movie assemblies come and go at will, a constant in and out flow; and he finds the average picture "audience" deficient in the *rapport* which is so marked in the dramatic theater. Of course, all this is true, and the ineffectual character of the moving picture as an agency of good or of evil, is related to the casual nature of its appeal. However, the tendency is distinctly toward solidarity, fixed hours of arrival and departure, more formal and decorous attention, etc., and the possibilities of salutary or baneful influence are correspondingly increasing. The Movie "audience" as we find it at random is a blank-canvas sort of thing. To sit in a darkened room without being vacuum-minded demands a degree of mental activity that few enjoy. Mr. Lindsay observes the passive receptivity of the average Movie *chambre*. He knows that a blank canvas is equally capable of receiving a "Mona Lisa" or a Dusseldorfer daub. He is fired with a great zeal to use the passivity and potential of the film-show audience to the advantage of humanity and civilization. But how?

Being a poet his trust is in beauty to redeem everything. He pleads for "the acknowledgment of the photoplay house as an art gallery, the suppressing of the music, and making the moving picture audience even more conversational." Beyond this, and what it naturally involves, he advocates a frank return to the primitive, suggesting "the endowment of certain special films that the modern picture-writing, slum-dwelling, cave-man needs"—films, in brief, which will establish in the mind of the popular mass certain fundamental ideographs, similar to the hieroglyphics of the Egyptian picture writing. Thereby he proposes to develop imagination and art appreciation from the ground up. The thought is very engaging!

Critics of the drama recognize two great methods: that of "grand tranquillity" as in the Greek tragedy; and that of "grand action" as in Shakespeare. Napoleon proved himself a good critic and a master thinker when he said: "In the 'Agamemnon' of Aeschylus what I marvel at is the magnificent force attained with the utmost simplicity of means." In the Movies there is a prodigious disproportion between the result and the means employed to produce it. What we need more than all else is some of the "grand tranquillity" of Homer. We need a more pious application of William Hamilton's law of "economy"—the least possible hypothesis that will include the facts, the least possible motion that will tell the story of the drama.

Lindsay's hieroglyphic idea is eminently worth attention. It contains the corrective of most of the faults which blemish the art of the Movies. Once that notion catches a good hold on the cerebrum of the producer—once a man like Griffiths establishes simple and tranquil conventions for the stock ideas of dramatic representation—it will be possible to work out a scenario without a tenkilowatt tornado to make the draperies flap, and without speeding up the reel to satisfy the popular mania for "action."

This is the accomplishment which must precede the Utopian vision of Mr. Lindsay—that of a photodrama in which Action pictures shall be "sculptures-in-motion"; Intimate pictures be "paintings-in-motion"; and Splendor (or Pageant) pictures be "architecture-in-motion." Then it will be possible to bring about that beatific condition in which "the ripe photoplay shall be an art exhibition, plus motion."

The French have a clever maxim covering shifted accents

"The accursed syncopation
Envenoms all the phrase."

And the motion-picture syncopation that shifts action into the space which tranquillity should dominate, has "envenomed" the more part of our dramatic diet, and is quickly poisoning public taste, instead of nourishing and refining it. Graeco-Egyptian hieroglyphs Edisonized: that's the antidote.

We may as well admit that the difficulties confronting a film producer with Lindsay ideals will be stupendous. Rembrandt van Rijn spent many a sleepless night scheming out the age-defying perfection known as the "Night Watch." Nobody knows how long it took for the energetic brain of Augustus Saint Gaudens to achieve the eternal forward surge and tramp of the "Shaw Memorial" on Boston Common. However, the thing is possible and will be done, as soon as the insatiable lust of the people for claptrap effect and speed is fatigued or assuaged.

To tell the truth, the American Movie as it stands today, with all its faults and want of taste, is nothing worse than a replica of the average Balzac novel. In the nature of things the photodrama has a very bad heredity of unbridled and spurious—"realism." Down to the present stage of cinema development we have had mainly the kind of realism that would hurl all the facts of the street helter-skelter upon the screen; for the sheer joy of doing it. Painters of the ultra-detail schools exhausted their technique and wasted their lives and talents in vain efforts to do it, but now that we have fast lenses and Edison shutters working fifteen a second, it can be done. "Cut ins," "fadeaways," "close-ups," and all the tricks of filmology enable the Movie producer to do mechanically what no painter ever could do except by arousing the imagination of the beholder. The tendency of the photoplay has been toward art-negation. Most of the ground painfully won by true "realists" in the several departments of graphic and literary art has been abandoned by the film producer. With him, as Whistler said of the Cook-Trippers at Zermatt, it was a case of seeing for the mere joy of seeing, regardless of the dignity of the snow-capped mountain. It requires no great stretch of insight to see that the public is being bored with philistine films and is "passing them up." Unless the producing companies intend to scrap much valuable plant capital they must come down to the simple, solid, hard bottom mapped by Mr. Vachel Lindsay. The pictures must be simplified, condensed, and made harmonious with the best traditions of Art, as embodied in the sculptures and paintings of the masters, or in the architectural monuments of the world. They must be made so good that they will be provocative of thought and conversation. They must stimulate the higher fancy of the spectator and not anti-climax imagination or stifle it in a mass of banal detail.

The starting point, it seems to me, is a true Realism. Emile Faguet neatly defines it as "the art of choosing, from the thousands of details of the reality, those which are most significant; and co-ordinating them in a manner to produce on the beholder the impression that the reality produces, but more vigorously." That is the realism which the Movie can give us, and with profit financially and culturally. Once achieved, that true Realism in the Movies will prepare the populace for the elemental conventions on which great Art rests. Theodore Hofmeister of Munich has made photographs that have all the character of broad, modern painting. The Movie producer, by the same process of simplification, can do as much.

Mr. Lindsay has the idea: "I desire in moving pictures not the stillness, but the majesty of sculpture. I do not advocate for the photoplay the mood of the Venus of Milo. But let us turn to that sister of hers, the great 'Victory' of Samothrace.

When you are appraising a new film, ask yourself 'Is this motion as rapid, as godlike, as the sweep of the wings, of the Samothracian?' Let her be the touchstone of the Action Drama."

He urges scenario-writers and producers to detailed study of the great mural paintings by Tintoretto, Puvis and Sargent; Boutet de Monvel's and Le Page's "Joan of Arc" paintings; the great models of antique mythology; in a word, all the masterworks of human genius. Having thus incorporated the "feeling" of great art they will be able to employ our native themes and subjects.

The most interesting chapter in the book is that dealing with the points of differentiation between the old drama and the motion play, and the chapter on the theme of photo-pageantry is fruitful of thought. Mr. Lindsay rises into the sphere prophetic at the close and has an Apocalyptic vision, showing rubicund Carl Laemmle of the Universal, in the producer role of John the Divine in Patmos. And there is some justification for the faith that is in him. The movies are fast coming out of the morass of materialism. They are on the edge of the clearing of true Realism. In a few months they will be on the uplands of Idealized Convention. Later they will be the Apocalypse of the people's faith in God and the Beautiful.

This is a book for every Movie lover to read and every artist, too.

Baron Astor of New York

By Stoughton Cooley

THAT everything comes to him who waits might be inferred from the success of the sixteen years' struggle of William Waldorf Astor to enter the British peerage. Had this event occurred while the world was at peace it would have attracted wide attention, and doubtless would have furnished a text for many a homily on the decadence of American democracy.

If the new baron deserves the criticisms showered upon him, it may be said by way of extenuation that, although born in a free country, he was by birth deprived of the opportunities that are open to other Americans to become men. Surrounded from his earliest moment by flunkies, sycophants and snobs, who restrained every normal impulse, and kept him in the way of fulfilling the role of the idle rich, it was inevitable that he should tire of American imitations and seek to ally himself with a country containing a real aristocracy.

Few would deny Mr. Astor this privilege, but there are some who object to his manner of satisfying his ambition. Had he surrendered his American income when he forswore his American citizenship, his expatriation would not have excited the contempt of his countrymen. But to use American dollars to buy his way to a British king's favor raises the gorge of democratic Americans.

This indignation may be natural and excusable, as far as it goes, but is it consistent? Objection is made that Mr. Astor still owns a vast amount of land in the heart of New York City, and that the princely income he enjoys as a British subject and member of the British peerage is contributed by American citizens who live upon his land.

But does it really matter to the people who live upon that part of the earth that was inherited by this expatriated American whether he remains a plain "mister" or becomes an English baron? Does it make any difference to his tenants whether he lives in New York or London?

What service, as a land owner, did Mr. Astor ever render to the people of New York who paid for the use of his land while he lived in that city that he did not give them while in London? What service, indeed, merely as the owner of land has he rendered to its occupants at any time? And what difference is there in any way or manner between Mr. Astor's relations to his tenants and the relations between any native-born English lord and his tenants?

It has long been the vogue among democratic Americans to look with compassion upon the mass of Britons who support a hereditary aristocracy, and to marvel at their supineness in not only paying for the privilege of living on British soil, but in making its owners hereditary law-makers. Yet are these same democratic Americans, who have been so free to criticise their British cousins, themselves free from this folly?

Are not Mr. Astor's New York tenants supporting a landed aristocracy? And will one of them ever discover the difference in the amount of his rent or the agent to whom he pays it between his democratic and his aristocratic landlord?

John Jacob Astor was a useful man. He aided by his industry and ability in building up his adopted country. But great as was his ability and tireless as was his industry, the amount of wealth that he accumulated in trade was small as compared with the amount that came to him through the increase in the value of land he owned on Manhattan Island. And had he left to his descendants merely the wealth that he made in trade they, too, would have had to work, or the fortune would long ago have been dissipated. But the shrewd old fellow had the foresight to see that buildings and all the products of labor decay or wear out, whereas the land upon which the people must live grows more valuable with the growth of population.

He bought land on Manhattan Island when land was cheap; and he was fortunate in guessing the direction in which population would move. The lands that he then bought for a trifle have been surrounded by 7,000,000 people, and the competition among them for the privilege of using it has driven its value to enormous heights. And this increasing value has been sufficient, without other contribution, to pay for and maintain the improvements on the land, and leave to the heirs a princely income.

Practically all the wealth created by John Jacob Astor has long ago been dissipated. save a few curiosities preserved as mementoes. Even the first buildings erected on his land have disappeared; and the people who labored with him to build up the new country also are gone. But the land remains, and more people have come to take the place of those who have departed.

The labor values made by John Jacob Astor and the land values made by the people of his day have all disappeared; but the land values made by the present generation are greater than ever before, and flow in ever increasing volume into the coffers of a man who not only renders no service in return, but who even resides abroad, forswears his citizenship, and becomes a member of the British peerage.

Land values that are created by the people of New York, and which rightfully should go to defray the expense of the government of the city, are sent every year across the ocean.

A proposition is being discussed in New York to untax buildings and other labor products, and to raise the revenue necessary to support the city government by a tax on land values. Mr. Astor, in his purchase of a British title, has done more to further that movement, perhaps, than a great many agitators could have done.

Most men lack imagination. General principles fail to arouse them; but they are stirred by concrete examples. One English child killed by a Zeppelin brings more recruits to the colors, than the loss of 10,000 men in the trenches. It was the Boston massacre that visualized British tyranny to the colonists. The sinking of the *Lusitania* and the shooting of Edith Cavell confute all apologists of Prussian autocracy. John Brown hanged at Harper's Ferry crystallized the abolition sentiment and doomed chattel slavery.

If Mr. Astor's act in making New York citizens tenants of a British baron produces the revulsion of feeling that might reasonably be expected in normal men and women, then he will have done his country a great service.

From the Chicago Herald.

Letters From the People

A Word for Anatole France

Editor of Reedy's Mirror:

Sir:—In opposition to Mr. Hervey's calling Anatole France a destructivist, I wish to cite my own experience with his books.

Beginning with them not at the best end, namely with *L'Anneau d'Améthyste*, I yet felt from the first a curious sense of spiritual liberation. The attitude of expecting so much from poor humanity, of being hard with it, as Protestant Deism teaches, fell most welcome away from me. My spirit was released into a wide atmosphere of pity for endeavoring mortals, of gentle irony, instead of blame for mistakes made in trying for comfort, for joy, in a nature-scheme so inimical.

I seemed suddenly set free into an immense tolerance, to help. The effect, indeed, bore all the marks of a conversion!

Further, how is it possible to deny beneficent purpose to a writer exalting reason above prejudice; searching out and decrying cruelty; showing men as properly brothers, ranked and working together against nature's brutalities and their own power of costly, preposterous delusion?

"Tu ne sais pas que la force véritable est dans la sagesse, et que les nations ne sont grandes que par elle. Tu ne sais pas ce que fait la gloire des peuples, ce ne sont pas les clameurs stupides, poussées sur les places publiques, mais la pensée auguste, cachée dans quelque mansarde et qui, un jour, répandue par le monde en changera la face. Tu ne sais pas que ceux—la honorent leur patrie qui, pour la justice, ont souffert la prison, l'exil, et l'outrage. Tu ne sais pas."—(M. Bergeret à Paris.)

Even now when I feel somewhat over-shackled I can do no better toward relief than in resorting to certain and numerous pages of Anatole France.

I agree that his emphasis on the sensual sexual if often gross and uncalled for. But, taken for what it is, the exaggeration of a Latin idiosyncrasy, its occurrence now and again has no importance in the face of his actual passion in urging emancipations for that struggling, striving, suffering child, our race.

LESBIA LAVERIER.

Detroit, Mich., Jan. 14.

A Play to Hand

Winstead, Conn., Jan. 12.

Editor of Reedy's Mirror:

I see you ask if some St. Louis person can write a play for your Park Theater Players. In the same issue you actually print a play—if any Ibsen lurks in your locality. "The Pillars of Society" isn't a marker to the report of your Art Museum committee.

But think what a play! Certain local aesthetes hate like hell to see another local aesthete "no better than we are" getting a job, an actual job, paying real money for the service of spending money to buy pictures. So they set about writing strange anonymous letters, dropping them in the park, hinting that the director has improper relations with the stenog, etc.

Quelle comedie! Small town stuff.

One of the Finest Displays of Rare Books Saint Louis Has Ever Seen Will be Made Here Next Week

A MOST cordial invitation is extended to you to examine, during the week of January twenty-fourth, a unique and interesting exhibit of rare and valuable books selected from the stock of Messrs. E. P. Dutton & Company, of New York.

This collection, which will be in charge of Mr. E. W. Porter, is one of the finest ever offered for sale in this country, comprising as it does, complete sets of the first editions of Dickens, Scott, Eliot, Thackeray, Stevenson, and other standard authors. Extra Illustrated Books; Association Books; Napoleona; original issues illustrated by Cruikshank, Kate Greenaway, Doyle and many others; books in parts as issued. Original drawings by American artists.

Special features of this exhibit are the beautiful bindings by Riviere, Zaehnsdorf, and other well-known binders, including several examples of sumptuous jewelled bindings by Sangorski and Suttcliffe, and the many rare literary items which it would be impossible to duplicate, as Dickens' Pencil and Paper Knife, etc.

We trust that you will find it convenient to call and give us the opportunity of showing you this unique collection.

Owing to the importance of this special exhibit it will be on display exclusively in our new Auditorium, Sixth Floor.

Visit Our New Sports Shop for Women

Our Specialty Sports Shop for Women, which was opened two weeks ago, is proving one of the most popular additions to our store we have ever made.

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LETO.

The Theatrical Situation

St. Louis, Jan. 17, 1916.

Editor of Reedy's Mirror:

You are worried about what is the matter with the drama. In the first place, the chief trouble with the drama in St. Louis and everywhere is the automobile. People who own automobiles have no money for drama, for music, for jewelry, for clothes or for anything else. They often haven't got money even for the rent.

But on the other hand, what's the matter with the theaters themselves being responsible? We are charged two dollars a seat here for shows presented by road companies which are shown in

other places at \$1.50 a seat. Catherine Richardson, in last Saturday evening's *Star*, says that "On Trial," in Philadelphia, at the Garrick Theater, with Frederick Perry and the original New York cast, was shown at \$1.50. At the Olympic we had a road company with fifty cents discrimination against St. Louis.

The Olympic Theater is too far down town and I am not sure that the same doesn't apply to the Shubert.

Again, the public is somewhat to blame. It is a fact that the Park Opera Company performances always draw larger crowds than the plays presented by the Park Players. The popular taste runs to jingle and girls and there's no getting away from it.

The movie is having a slump because the promoters and managers are overdoing it. They are finding out that the old films, that were more simply done, draw better than the newer and more elaborate productions. The movie, when it ceases to be a mere succession of pictures and tries to be a drama, becomes tiresome.

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The trouble with the movies and the theaters and everything else, however, is that the automobile is eating up the money that was formerly spent on other things that keep life going in the city.

J. H. M.

Bigson—How well you're looking this morning, Jigson! Jigson—Yes; I never looked better in my life. I'm looking for a man who owes me ten dollars.—*Denver Republican*.

Intimate Russia

"The Way of Martha and the Way of Mary," by Stephen Graham. The Macmillan Company, New York, 1915.

Stephen Graham has here produced a profoundly intimate and informing study of the Russian character, with a close inspection of the subtleties of the mind and the beliefs of the peasant and the ruder classes of the vast empire which are generically classed under the name *moujik*, and the fidelity of his observations may best be appreciated in the light of the information that he, although an Englishman by both birth and education, forsook his native land when he was 23 years old and for seven years made his home in Russia that he might study at first hand the life and manners of the country. This was the beginning of an attachment which grew stronger with the years and out of which have come several of the most important contributions to English literature bearing upon the Russia of modern times. Among this author's more recent books touching upon a subject on which he, doubtless, is the foremost English-writing authority, it is only necessary to recall "Russia and the World," "With the Russian Pilgrims to Jerusalem" and "With Poor Immigrants to America," to concede at once Mr. Graham's distinctive qualities as a commentator upon Russian life, Russian aspirations, spiritual and racial, Russian character, and that most strange mixture of simplicity and profundity which renders the Slav unique among ethnological studies.

"The Way of Martha and the Way of Mary" is an interpretation and a survey of Eastern Christianity, and a consideration of the ideas at present to the fore in Christianity generally. In his preface the author presents his theory of his subject with a felicitous lucidity which is a marked characteristic of his style, thus:

"If you would know what a nation is, you must ask what is the religion of the people. Without a national religion a nation is not a nation but a collection of people. It is a truism to say that what is best in a nation springs from its religion, from some central idealism to which everyone in the nation has access—the idea of the nation. There is a 'British idea,' an 'American idea,' a 'German idea,' a 'Russian idea.' This is profoundly true of Russia; for all that is beautiful in her life, art and culture springs from the particular and Christian idea in the depths of her. She is essentially a great and wonderful unity. It is of that essential unity that I write, and in the writing hope to show on the one plane Russia, and on another the splendour of the true Christian idea."

In 1913, Graham was in this country and wrote his study of American ideals in contrast to Russian ideals. He returned to Russia in 1914, eager to look at the East afresh and compare it with the West. The fundamental idea in his mind, he tells the reader in the preface, was that of Russia as a religious country where one found refuge from materialism and worldly cares, and wherein he might find stories and pictures of

life with which to clothe the idea of the sanctuary.

"My quest," he continues, "resolved itself first of all into a seeking for what I call the Russian idea, then into a study of Russian Christianity. My new volume is necessarily one of seeking and finding, a making of discoveries. One chapter led me on to another, and the scope of my study increased until it took on the whole question of what Eastern Christianity is and how it is in contrast to Western Christianity."

"In May (1915), in order to carry on this study, I went to Egypt to visit the shrines and monasteries of the Desert, some of the sources of inspiration of Eastern Christianity, and to make a journey to Russia the way Christianity came to her. In these journeyings and doings lie the chronological and geographical scheme of this new volume."

Notwithstanding an introduction conveying the outline of a design so formidable to the minds of a large class of readers, there are no dull chapters or prosy pages in Mr. Graham's 300-page book. Beginning with a description of his journey from Paris, through Berlin and Warsaw, to Kief, to Moscow, he fascinates the reader's attention and ar-

rests his fancy by the keenness of his observation, the charm of his manner and the unfamiliarity—to what the writer would term Western viewers—of the scenes he paints with so masterful a seeming of being himself to the manner bred—a condition, the present reviewer assumes, few Englishmen in all the world are qualified successfully to meet. In rapid scenic effects, he produces canvases delineating with assured touch the inner life and thought of the Russian of to-day. Within his seatless churches, upon whose walls the genius of painter and fresco artist have lavished their imaginings of the Holy Child, of the Virgin and sinless Mother, of the saints and the martyrs; in the tavern, which in Russia is not only the neighborhood club, but an open forum wherein are interchanged the views of many classes upon many subjects; in the great theaters, erected by the State, wherein the mystic allegories of those tremendous writers and thinkers, the Russian dramatists and novelists, are produced; at the shrines of sainted ones whose lives of abnegation make their revered reliques still mighty to heal and to succor; at their weddings and festive gatherings; in the crowds of her great cities

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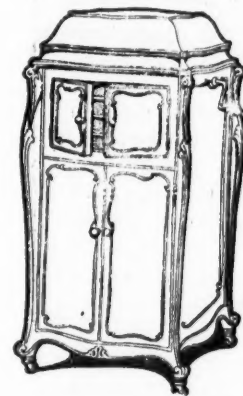
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and in the recesses of the desert and the gloom of forest, he leads those who follow and with increasing and almost breathless interest points out the secrets of the heart-longings of this nation of generous-minded millions upon millions whose primal instincts relate to reverence and to worship. It forms an alluring and little known story, as narrated in the first part of this volume, which deals with the subject under the title, "The Russian Idea." In the concluding chapter of this section of the volume, the author essays this recapitulation:

"Russian life is remarkable by virtue of its love towards the suffering, towards the individual destiny; by the absence of condemnation; by faith in life, even if life should express itself in meanness, sordidness, crime; a feeling for the pathos and wonder of life as exemplified in the individual; no love towards 'the State' or man's order, but great love towards the individual and

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the individual instinct; a consequent freedom, amounting at times to seeming chaos, a divine disorder such as the disorder of the starry sky, as opposed to man's order, say the order in which the stars might be classified in a book; a disorder such as that of the flowers and shrubs of the forest, rather than order as in a formal garden; a belief then in instinctive genius and divination by impulse of one's place in the kaleidoscope of existence."

And here is another intimate note which, it may be assumed, is little known in circles of cisatlantic readers: "The Russians are unashamed. Men and women confess freely to having committed crimes or having behaved abominably on occasion. The man who leads an immoral life does not do so secretly to his wife. The black sheep of the family is not hidden in the background, 'never mentioned,' or subscribed for and sent to a distant colony; he is sitting at the table and quite cheerful, and everyone takes him for granted. No one is ashamed to borrow or to be tremendous-

ly in debt; no one horror-struck at the idea of visiting the pawnshop. All of which exemplifies the love towards individuals and individual destiny. This is why Russia is so free."

The story of the author's pilgrimage into the desert to learn of those more hidden and occult things not apparent to other eyes than those of faith, and of his return to Russia following the outbreak of the great war is an absorbing and gripping story, illumined by a fine belief and informed with first-hand knowledge not to be gathered from books less authoritative than this one.

In this concluding section of his work, he discusses with conviction and not a little subtlety of argument his general contention that Eastern Christianity is associated with Mary's good part and Western Christianity with the way of Martha and of service. The two aspects, he declares elsewhere, appear to be irreconcilable, but are not, "and I have called my book 'The Way of Martha and the Way of Mary,' because the ways of the sisters are as touchstones

for Christianity, and in their reconciliation is a great beauty."

The Macmillan Company, with its customary nice attention to the refinements of the book-making art, has issued a volume leaving nothing to be desired in quality or perfection of presswork and cleanliness of proof-reading. The frontispiece is a full-page reproduction in colors of the celebrated painting by the Russian artist Nesterof, in the interior of the vast Christian temple in Moscow, which is the center and symbol of "Holy Russia."

♦♦♦

A Handsome Fee

The question of the wedding fee is one that ministers are apt to leave to the generosity of the bridegroom. Sometimes this happy person is too impetuous to pay cash or to offer anything as its equivalent. This was not true, however, of the bridegroom who took the minister aside at the close of the ceremony and said: "Say, parson, I'm sorry, but the fact is I am too near



broke to pay you any cash for this job, but I am a gas-fitter and I'll tell you what I'll do for you. I'll go down into your cellar and fix your gas meter so that it won't register but half."

♦♦♦

Missing Tribute

Manager—"What's the leading lady in such a tantrum about?"

Press Agent—"She only got nine bouquets over the footlights to-night."

"Great Scott! Isn't that enough?"

"No. She paid for ten."—Tit-Bits.

Writing Vaudeville

By William Charles Lengel

WRITING FOR VAUDEVILLE, by Brett Page. Home Correspondence School (Publishers) Springfield, Mass. \$2.00.

A popular novelist, who boasts that he is "the second best paid writer in America," proved that, notwithstanding that fact, he was only human after all, by falling in love. As *she* was more beautiful than any heroine he had ever created he cannot be blamed. And Heaven knows no story-book character of his ever was so madly in love as he was.

In law, the plea of idiocy—and who will deny that love is anything else—is a good defense. So after setting forth our facts in extenuation, we'll now narrate the harrowing details.

The beautiful lady was just *crazy* to go on the stage and she communicated her desire to our said second-best-paid writer. He decided at once that she should grace and elevate the stage, and—brilliant thought born of the moment—vaudeville should see her first. And, brilliant thought number two, it should be in a playlet he would write for her. Immediately thereafter, brilliant thought number three entered his mind and warmed his heart. He, too, had stage aspirations, so in this playlet he would enact the role of one of the characters.

Could anything be lovelier? Oh, marshmallows and orange fritters, it was just too oozy-woozy for anything.

The playlet was written—written, mind you, by a man whose name stood for circulation in the subscription department of the magazines—and rehearsed by a real stage director and booked for three weeks out-of-town break-in engagements.

In Perth Amboy, where some of the inhabitants speak English, the three days passed uneventfully, and the jump was made to Yonkers for the remainder of the week. Yonkers, it should be understood, can be almost reached by the subway, so this was almost a metropolitan engagement.

The first matinee performance of the playlet had been run off, and the children seemed to like it. Then why should an omnipotent stage manager yell at our author and say, "You're closed!"

Our author, not being versed in the vernacular of the stage, raised his eyebrows inquiringly.

"You're closed—closed," repeated the czar of all that lies behind the drop. "Your act is punk, see!"

"My dear fellow, don't you know I am Mr. So-and-So, author of Such-and-Such," and so on.

"I don't care if you are Reedy, Hearst or Bertha M. Clay. Your act is punk and don't go here."

And it didn't, nor anywhere else.

Mr. Brett Page does not relate this incident in his excellent book, "Writing for Vaudeville," but he points out clearly that the playlet and other vaudeville forms are branches of the writing art that require special study and qualifications.

Initial Showing of Women's and Misses'

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Just fresh from their wrappings and crackling with newness are these exquisite new frocks which now await your viewing in this, St. Louis' Foremost Dress Section. Dresses appropriate for street or afternoon wear, charmingly styled of

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The styles are very cosmopolitan. The Russian and Spanish influences are seen here, and very much of the Oriental is noted in color blending and draping arrangements. Dashing military effects are also in evidence; charming little coat Dresses, quaint period Dresses, depicting the styles of 1830 when hoop effects were popular. Normal waistlines predominate; skirts decidedly wide and considerably trimmed; folds, tucks, tunics, ribbons, tinsel, gold and silver embroidery quilting and frills of silk materials and laces are used as trimmings. You will be charmed with the prepossessing models we are now offering at **\$15 to \$59.75**

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"Writing for Vaudeville" is a serious and earnest effort to impart to the novice as well as to the author, successful in other lines, an instructive and entertaining text book.

The work is not only interesting but is done with real intelligence and it gets over its facts in a way that robs it of the terrors of most "How-to" books. The author's training in several branches of "the writing game" has enabled him to avoid the dullness that would mar the book. He not only has written and produced all manner of vaudeville acts, from monologues to musical sketches, but has written "popular songs," verse, short stories, and is now serving as editor of a newspaper syndicate, as well as acting as dramatic critic.

William Archer's "Playmaking" contains four hundred and seven pages, set in 12-point type, to tell all about writing plays, and the pages have wide margins. Mr. Page, without being too verbose, takes six hundred and thirty-nine pages, set in 10-point type, to tell all about writing for vaudeville. And he "tells all." He has not only written the first and only work on vaudeville, but he has forestalled and discouraged

any attempt on the part of any one else to do it again, or better.

He tells of the vaudeville stage and its dimensions; the scenery in vaudeville theaters, the nature of the monologue, writing the vaudeville two-act, the playlet as a unique dramatic form, the elements of a successful one-act musical comedy, writing the vaudeville playlet, writing the popular song, how a vaudeville act is booked. There is an appendix containing a list of "nine famous vaudeville acts complete."

These examples of existing successful work are from the pens of successful vaudeville writers, including Richard Harding Davis.

Mr. Davis' play is called "Blackmail" and Mr. Page gives it as an example of tragedy. It is, therefore, the first dramatic form with a "happy ending" and with the only "tragic" element, the death of the villain, that has yet been labelled "tragedy."

As a matter of fact all vaudeville playlets—not all one-act plays, mind you—can be divided into two classes, comedy and dramatic. Mr. Page involves matters by making five divisions, themselves further divided.

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TWO OPTICAL STORES

with a practical mind, has confined himself to the purely materialistic. He has not given any consideration to "uplift" or anything of idealism. To the theorist and arm-chair critic this may prove rather irritating, but for a practical working manual his method of procedure perhaps is most commendable. Still, there is cause for regret that

he did not make use of Mr. Clayton Hamilton's terse and vivid definition of a playlet instead of coining one of his own, and he could well have borrowed from Mr. Hamilton's scholarly knowledge a point of view raised above the level of the ordinary.

However, that is quibbling. It is very certain that Mr. Page will never be fully compensated in a material way for the great effort he has put forth in this volume. His is the distinction of having produced something new and valuable to the craftsmanship of writing and his work will not only be found to be helpful in many ways, but will grace any library.

♦♦♦

New Books Received

MIND CURES. By Geoffrey Rhodes. Boston: John W. Luce & Co.

The influence of the mind upon the body discussed from a medical standpoint. The possibilities of mental healing considered and explained.

OUR AMERICAN WONDERLANDS. By George Wharton James. Chicago: A. C. McClurg & Co.; \$2.

Something more than a guide book to the worth-while scenery and playgrounds of America, from the Grand Canyon to Niagara and from Mount Ranier to Mammoth Cave. All are mapped, described, illustrated, and in the case of the old haunts of the Indians their customs are recounted. To add to the general use of the book there is a very complete index.

EVOLUTION—A FANTASY. By Langdon Smith. Boston: John W. Luce & Co.

A collection of short poems on evolution and reincarnation. Best of them is Langdon Smith's own, "When you were a Tadpole and I Was a Fish." But where is Mortimer Collins' "A Positivist?" Verses to memorize for happy use.

THE SONG OF A DAWNING DAY. By F. G. Hanchett. Published by the author at 2537 Michigan Ave., Chicago.

An optimistic poem.

THE MOST INTERESTING AMERICAN. By Julian Street. New York: The Century Co.; 50c.

A personal impression of Theodore Roosevelt, with extracts from his speeches and writings. Mr. Street's writing has both humor and "punch," though he be, here, a bit of a hero-worshiper.

THE GERMAN LIEUTENANT. By August Strindberg. Chicago: A. C. McClurg; \$1.25.

A collection of seven short stories, of which the above is the first. The title-play is intensely anti-militaristic. The whole book shows Strindberg's amazing genius at soul-baring.

CORN ON THE COB. By J. P. Gallagher. Williamsburg, Ia.: Journal-Tribune Press.

A collection of editorials on current events and matters of common interests selected from the columns of the Journal-Tribune.

PELLE, THE CONQUEROR. By Martin Andersen Nexø. New York: Henry Holt & Co.; \$1.40 net.

The third in a series of four novels, picturing the life and career of a great labor leader, as Jean-Christophe pictures the musical genius. Each novel is complete in itself: the first deals with Pelle's boyhood, the second with his youth and early manhood, this one with his life in Copenhagen, where he becomes a labor leader. Nexø is one of Denmark's most famous novelists.

PERSUASIVE PEGGY. By Maravene Thompson. New York: F. A. Stokes Co.; \$1.25 net.

A story of sunshine, love and happiness, with laughter all through. Illustrated by Clarence F. Underwood.

THE STRANGERS' WEDDING. By W. L. George. Boston: Little, Brown & Co.; \$1.35 net.

An aristocrat marries the daughter of a washerwoman and then follows a pathetic comedy of settlement work and psychology.

♦♦♦

A Book for the Citizen-Soldier

Now that all men's minds are turned more or less to military matters, because of the political talk about preparedness, the need is felt for a book which will enable the civilian to post himself on matters concerning the army. This need has been supplied by the publication of "Self-Helps for the Citizen-Soldier," by Captains James A. Moss and Merch B. Stewart, of the United States Army. The volume is written in simple, entertaining, novel

fashion and deals with its subject without an excess of technicality. Every conceivable term in relation to soldierly subjects is explained. Furthermore, the book is profusely illustrated, so that an intelligent person can get a very fair idea of the details as well as the general "atmosphere," organization and discipline of the army. Written primarily for citizen-soldiers, it is not unlikely that it will be found valuable by officers of the regular army for freshening up their minds upon many minor, primary matters half-forgotten in the course of service. Captain Moss will be remembered pleasantly in St. Louis from the time he was stationed here as an aide on the staff of the late Lieutenant-General H. C. Corbin. He is the author of nine military books, the one before this being, "A Manual on Military Training," which was published a little over a year ago and has already been adopted for use in sixty-five of our military schools and colleges. "Self-Helps for the Citizen-Soldier" is published and for sale by the George Banta Publishing Co., Menasha, Wisconsin; price, \$1.25, post paid.

♦♦♦

Coming Shows

"Grumpy" is a masterly comedy; Cyril Maude a supreme comedian; they come to the Olympic in conjunction for a week, next Monday evening. In England his versatility is demonstrated. Here his *Grumpy* is so good the people won't let him play anything else. They want him as *Grumpy* as they wanted Jefferson in *Rip Van Winkle*. New York, Boston, Philadelphia, Chicago have been ecstatic about play and player. The title role is that of an octogenarian, retired criminal lawyer brought back into high legal-detective practice in a case of robbery. The melodrama is fine but it's the character of the gruff, grim, irascible, eccentric, whimsical old legal war-horse that is so delightful, so amusing, so lovable. A great interpretation it is of age. It lives like *Rip*. Mr. Maude will be supported by Miss Elsie Mackay, Herbert Marshall, Alexander Onslow, John Harwood, Maud Andrew and Louise Van Wangenen. There will be a \$1.50 matinee, Wednesday. Monday night will be benefit night for the College Club—the money to go to help girls to an education.

♦

The big musical revue, "Within the Loop," will promote the general gaiety next week with its cast of one hundred principals and chorus, eight novel scenes and twenty musical numbers, at the Shubert Theater, beginning Sunday evening. The music is by Harry Carrol, author of such melodies as "The Trail of the Lonesome Pine," "The Girl in the Heart of Maryland" and "On the Mississippi." The book and lyrics are by Ballard MacDonald. The stage embellishments contain many surprising effects. These are the work of Ed Hutchinson, who staged the recent New York success, "The Blue Paradise." The scenes are located in Chicago and the Middle West. Here's the cast—all proficient: Irene Franklin, Burton Green, James Hussey, Jack Boyle, Anna Wheaton, Frances Kennedy, Will Philbrick, Dave Lewis, Gil-

SIX FRENCH POETS

Studies in Contemporary Literature

By AMY LOWELL

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Professor of English, Harvard University.

"The book seems to me as unusual—in the happiest sense of the word. Deeply enthusiastic in purpose, it is throughout clear, simple, sensible, restrained in principle, and so sympathetic that—unlike most utterances of enthusiasm—it attracts and persuades one to moods which begin with indifference to the subject. I find the book a model, in total effect, of what a work with such purpose ought to be."

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St. Louis, Mo.

bert Gregory, James Duffy, Mercedes Lorenz and Harry Coote. The chorus shows how Chicago surpasses the efforts of Gotham's Winter Garden. There will be a matinee Friday as well as Wednesday and Saturday, all at popular prices.

♦

Nora Bayes, who can sing the sorrows out of your heart, will be the Columbia Theater's topline next week, beginning Monday. She's one of the highest salaried of vaudevillians. Everybody remembers her as a star comedienne in big productions. Only less well known is Walter Kelly "the Virginia Judge," inimitable raconteur. Famous, too, are Toots Paka and her Hawaiian singers; she in her Hula-Hula dance. Nellie V. Nichols gives songs and stories, both her own and no other's. Bertee Beaumont and Jack Arnold give "The Doctorine," a musical melange of puns and pills. Among other dances, Bessie De Voie and Guy Livingston will give Adeline Genée's "Piping Rock Chase." Brooks and Bowen sing the songs they compose. After them come Harry Fisher and the Orpheum Travel Weekly.

♦

Little Lord Roberts, the smallest comedian in the world, will lead off one of the biggest bills of the season at the Grand Opera House next week, begin-

ning Monday. Aside from his diminutive stature, he is a finished artist in singing and acting. As a comedian, he is in a class by himself, of peculiar appeal to children and women. After him come the Joe Dekos Company in an extraordinary acrobatic and tumbling act. Ed and Minnie Foster call themselves "grief destroyers," their implements being song and comedy. Whistling, talking and singing are the specialties of Adelaide Boothby, as sweetly feminine as she is versatile; Mosher, Hayes and Mosher, comedy bicyclists; Trevett's military dogs; Sprague and McNece, high-class roller skaters; Frank Gabby, an amusing ventriloquist, and animated comedy pictures finish off the bill.

♦

Whoso shall miss "The Yellow Jacket" at the Victoria Theater next week, with matinees Wednesday and Saturday, the same will have occasion to grieve when he hears about it from those who have seen it. This play by George C. Hazleton and Benrimo has become a classic. It is a Chinese play in English, a romance of love in the celestial land. It is presented as in a Chinese theater. A Chorus is played by Charles D. Coburn, introducing and explaining the incidents in a humorous and ironic vein; while the property man loafs boredly through

all the action except when called upon to provide a mountain, a river, a gibbet, a decapitated head or something else necessary to the very simple theme. The play moves to music, in the Chinese manner, composed by William Furst. The costumes are particularly beautiful. The performances on Monday and Wednesday evenings will be for the benefit of the Suffrage Movement. There is nothing like this play on the boards.

✱

"Excuse Me, Xantippe" goes to the Park Theater next week, after this week at the Shenandoah. The play works out in a Pullman car from New York to San Francisco, with all the original Savage appointments—a car load of them. Rupert Hughes wrote it, after leaving Keokuk. It established him as a dramatist. It goes like a machine-gun and the fun gets friskier as it goes. Henry Hull is an excruciating Anglo-maniac. Stanley Jones is the porter, and comedy in ebony. Matt Hanley, drafted from the Park Opera Company, has a part with a glorious "jag." Mitchell Harris is at his graceful best. Frances Neilson is a pretty and stubborn lady out for a divorce. Elsie Hiltz is back again as an ingenue, most captivating. "Excuse Me, Xantippe" is what you're looking for in the way of comic relief.

✱

"Alma Where Do You Live?" is a musical comedy, with real comedy and real music. Alonzo Price director of the Park, appears as an actor—who can act. As for Frank Moulan, Mabel Wilber, Louise Allen and Sarah Edwards, they never had or made more merriment in their young lives. The piece is full of spice, but not so much as it was when it was suppressed once upon a time. Fun and music-lovers should follow it to the Shenandoah next week if they miss it at the Park this week.

✱

"Elsie of Earlcourt" is the title of Sunday's offering by the German Players at the Victoria Theater, January 23, a benefit performance for popular and capable Madame Clara Gefrer. The character of "Die Erlenhofbauerin" in this delightful folk-play of the Black Mountains is Madame Gefrer's best role. Gustave Hilmer, Lore Duino and all the members of the German Stock Company will lend Madame Gefrer their excellent support.

✱

Beginning Sunday at eleven o'clock and exhibiting daily from 11 a. m. to 11 p. m., the week's programme at the American Theater includes "The Wood Nymph," a Griffith feature with beautiful Marie Doro, supported by Frank Campeau and Wilfred Lucas. The Ince feature is called "The Conqueror." Willard Mach portrays a bootblack who rises to domination of society and finance. Enid Markey is the debutante featured among the rest of the cast. There are two Keystone comedies: "His Hereafter," with Charles Murray, and "The Village Vampire," with Fred Mace. They are in Mack Sennett's happiest vein. The Triangle plays are making good tremendously.

✱

Paderewski will plead in piano play for Poland at the Odeon, next Wednesday evening.

'Tis said his playing has taken on a tenderer tone since his land has been ravaged by successive tides of Russians and Teutons. Of course, he will play Chopin—the group that ensorcelled five thousand people in San Francisco's Festival Hall—the B-flat minor Sonata, the Mazurka in A minor, Op. 17. Other numbers will be Schubert's Fantasia, Op. 15, with its four movements; Schumann's "Etudes Symphoniques" and Liszt's "Rhapsodie Hongroise." Mme. Paderewski will conduct a sale of dolls on the same day at the Jefferson Hotel.

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This Week's Symphonies

Next Sunday's "Pop" programme of the Symphony Orchestra is largely made up of numbers requested of Conductor Zach. It is an indication of local taste. First there is the "1812" Overture by Tchaikowsky, in commemoration of the battle of Borodino. Then there are the Hungarian Dances of Brahms and the lively and exhilarating "España" Rhapsody by Chabrier. Then there is that composition of dignity and grandeur, the Knights of the Holy Grail from "Parsifal." The soloist will be Hugh Allan, the baritone who charmed his audience last Tuesday evening at the Morning Choral Concert. He will sing two arias from operas in which he has appeared. Mr. Allan has sung in opera abroad and with the Montreal Opera Company in Canada, and with such artists as Gadski, Edouard Clement and Marie Rappold.

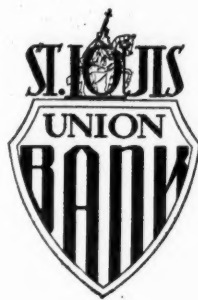
✱✱✱

Marts and Money

Wall Street prices show additional depreciation. It's not of much importance, though, if we leave aside the volatile war-order certificates. The latter's quotations fluctuated in violent manner lately. After they had fallen ten, fifteen and even twenty points, they rallied in almost sensational ways on hasty covering of short commitments, bold juggling, and a renaissance of confidence in the perpetuity of the European conflict. One of the particularly helpful items of news was the awarding of a Russian contract for \$30,000,000 worth of machine guns. Comforting inferences were drawn also from reports regarding the earnings of the Crucible Steel Co. The common stock of this concern responded with an advance of \$18. The low notch for it was 52½. On September 29, 1915, sales were made at 100½.

The upward movement in this class of issues had no stimulating effect on the representative shares. Indeed, there was plain evidence of cautious liquidation. Some observers lean to the belief that the approved industrial and railroad certificates are carefully being accumulated in behalf of powerful parties, but there's nothing except idle hearsay or vague surmise in favor of that sort of theorizing. In the light of pertinent precedents, definite developments, one way or the other, should be near at hand. Efforts to raise the prices of investment stocks continue to be hindered by liquidation for British and French account. It is intimated that the move-

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ment hitherto is of considerable proportions these days.

Dow, Jones & Co. submitted an instructive report, the other day, with regard to foreign holdings and selling of United States Steel common stock. According to their investigations, British holdings were reduced from 801,497 to 355,088 shares between March 31, 1914, and December 31, 1915, indicating a 56 per cent ratio of reduction. During the same period, Holland cut its holdings from 357,293 to 238,617, or 39 per cent. The reduction in France was from 68,269 to 50,193, or 26 per cent. Canada is credited with a reduction of 10 per cent.

In studying the report, one should not lose sight of the fact that the foreign liquidation did not prevent an advance from 42 to 89½ in the market value of the shares. The current quotation is 86. So it would appear that the absorptive capacity of our market has been, and undoubtedly yet is, of a very superior sort. It may be questioned, however, whether our dominant financiers did the shrewd thing in permitting the prices of American securities of international standing to rise as substantially as they did. The higher the quoted values, the greater, necessarily, the amounts we have to pay for the purchases.

The quarterly report of the United States Steel Corporation is awaited with deep interest. Wall Street oracles, pretending to inside information, predict that the net earnings for the final quarter of 1915 will be in excess of \$50,000,000, or the largest in the corporation's history. Thus far, the top record has stood at a little over \$43,000,000.

It is reliably estimated that the corporation now is earning at a rate of 2 per cent per month on its \$508,000,000 common shares, or at an annual rate of 24 per cent. If such is truly the case, the Finance Committee should not find it difficult to declare a quarterly amount of \$1.25 or \$1.50 at the meeting to be held on January 25. In the event of no favorable action on the dividend question, we will be forced to conclude that the future of the steel industry is re-

garded as too uncertain to allow of a resumption of payments, and that it has been thought advisable to set aside big portions of the surplus earnings for improvements, additions and depreciation. In recent years, the corporation has been excessively economical in that respect. Something like \$9,000,000 already has been appropriated for new construction in the Pittsburgh district and at Gary, Ind.

The 240,000 workers of the corporation will be permitted to subscribe to the common stock at 85 in the year 1916, on the fixed favorable terms. This price is the best that so far has been stipulated, and it seems reasonable to assume, therefore, that a renewal of dividend payments cannot be far off. It hardly would be proper to ask employees to pay 85 for a non-dividend paying stock. Circumspect conjecture along this line doubtless accounts for the reluctance of depressionistic operators on the Stock Exchange to enter into extensive contracts in United States Steel common. The Finance Committee cannot be expected to be altogether indifferent to the market position of their shares, despite the lofty opinions some of them are in the habit of airing from time to time.

The common workers of the corporation have been granted a wage increase of 10 per cent; the total increase is calculated to add about \$15,000,000 to the pay-roll. Similar action has been taken by independent steel producers; likewise by merchant blast furnaces. As a result, says the *Iron Age*, "the entire industry has stepped up to the highest level of wages it has ever paid. The next great adjustment will be in coal mining, which has never been of more importance to the iron trade than in this year of expected strain on every link in the chain of production and transportation." As the colored preacher remarked, "The world do move!" A steadily increasing proportion of wealth is being diverted to the lower classes of the people in all the civilized nations. Glory be!

The quotations for high-grade bonds continue distinctly firm, notwithstanding progressive liquidation for European

bankers and investors and the reactionary tendencies in the stock department. Some issues are selling at the best prices in a number of years. In view of this, new financing for industrial and railroad account should record decided expansion in the next six or twelve months.

Remarkably brisk remains the quest for municipal securities—bonds and notes. Purchasers do not feel deterred by knowledge of the sharp advances in prices since the early months of 1915. The State of New York is about to float an issue of \$30,000,000 4 per cent Canal bonds. The results will closely be pondered. They are expected to yield informing evidence of the true state of the investment markets. The outstanding issue of Canal bonds draws 4½ per cent interest. It is quoted at 113 at this moment. A year ago, the bonds could be bought at 108¼. The probability is, therefore, that the new loan should fetch at least 105.

The sum total of new long-term municipal and State financing in 1915 set a new high record. It was \$482,220,724, against \$446,405,500 for 1914 and \$408,477,702 for 1913. The aggregate par value of short-term bonds floated in 1915 was \$150,093,747, against \$291,984,124 and \$483,217,696, respectively. The growing popularity of bonds of distant dates of maturity is clearly revealed in these comparative figures. A few years ago, there was a marked preference for notes running one or two years and drawing 5 or 6 per cent interest.

In the past ten years, States and municipalities have brought out \$3,773,568,396 long-term bonds and \$2,091,656,676 short-term bonds, a total of nearly \$5,900,000,000. Most impressive figures, especially when taken in conjunction with the \$9,000,000,000 of various other securities that have been floated since January 1, 1906.

Sight drafts on London now are quoted at \$4.7550, showing a decline of a half cent for the week. It is not believed in New York financial circles that much of a further advance can take place in the near future. Exchange on Paris is about the same as a week ago, but Italian exchange has dropped further, owing to the badly unsettled finances of the Kingdom. The present quotation is the lowest ever seen. Drafts on Berlin indicate an improvement of more than three cents. The exact cause of the rise is not known. Some authorities opine that it might be found in the exportation of several millions dollars of gold from Berlin to neutral countries whose financiers and merchants maintain close relations with German exporters and importers.

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Finance in St. Louis.

In the St. Louis market trading was quite active and broad throughout the week. The propensity to take profits on long commitments resulted in a shading of prices in some prominent instances, but there were no real indications of weakness, and it is therefore taken for granted that the near future should witness a further enhancement of values. Faith in the future of things is upheld by the exceptional ease in the local money market, as well as by the grow-

ing volume of business within the city and surrounding territory. Many time loans are made at 4½ per cent; the maximum rate is 5 per cent. Especially favored borrowers find it easy to obtain accommodation at 4 per cent.

United Railways 4s were in brisk demand lately. Thirty thousand were transferred at 64 to 64.25. It is understood that strong interests are extending support to the securities at or around 64. Some of the preferred shares were taken at 19.12½; forty of the common at 5.12½. The latter prices denote declines. Six thousand dollars St. Louis & Suburban 5s were disposed of at 74, an unchanged figure, and \$2,000 East St. Louis & Suburban 5s at 89.50 and 90.

Speculators and investors continue to pay considerable attention to leading bank and trust company shares. The past few days witnessed the sale of fifty-three Mississippi Valley Trust at 295, a price showing a depreciation of \$5 from the top notch of two weeks ago. Fifty-four Boatmen's Bank were sold at 150, also an unchanged price. Over two hundred shares of Bank of Commerce changed hands at 99.75 to 100, and thirteen Jefferson Bank at 103.

In the industrial group, one of the most interesting features was International Shoe preferred, of which nearly one hundred and twenty shares were transferred at 106.50 to 107. Five thousand Independent Breweries 6s found takers at 47.50; twenty-five Central Coal & Coke common at 73, and fifty National Candy first preferred at 98.

One of the best-known financiers of St. Louis, Mr. Walker Hill, of the Mechanics-American National Bank, pointed out, a few days ago, that there has been only one bank failure in the city in the last twenty-five years. A splendid fact, no doubt, and one that testifies convincingly to the fundamental soundness of affairs in the metropolis of the Mississippi Valley. The bank that failed—the unimportant Broadway Bank—was driven into receivers' hands by extraneous causes.

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Latest Quotations.

	Bid.	Asked.
Natl. Bank of Commerce	99¾	100
Mississippi Valley Trust..	295	300
St. Louis Union Trust....	362½
United Railways com.....	7
do pfd.	18½
do 4s	64	64½
Broadway 4½s.....	97¾	98
Cass Av. & F. G. 4½s.....	96¾
Union Depot 6s.....	102
E. St. L. & Sub. pfd.....	47½
do 5s	90	90½
Laclede Gas pfd.....	91½
Kinloch L. D. Tel. stock..	116½
K. C. H. Tel. 5s (\$500)...	91½
do 5s (\$100).....	91¾	92
Union Sand & Material....	70½
Int. Shoe com.....	93
do pfd.	107½	108½
Cen. Coal & Coke com.....	73
Granite-Bimetallic	57½	65
Ind. Brew. 6s.....	47¾	47¾
National Candy com.....	67½
Chicago Ry. Equipment..	87	87½

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Answers to Inquiries.

M. D., Syracuse, N. Y.—The Baltimore & Ohio gold 4s are a good invest-

ment. There can be no question about their safety. The financial position of the company has strikingly improved in the past twelve months, and there is a probability of an increase in the semi-annual dividend rate five months hence. Since July last the price of the bonds has risen about eight points, the low having been 84¾. You might enter your buying order at 90.

Inquirer, St. Louis.—General Electric stock has solid investment virtues. The price is subject to sharp fluctuations, however, from time to time. Between March and October, 1915, the price rose about fifty points. The 8 per cent dividend has been paid since 1902, and is in no danger of reduction. Do not purchase except at a favorable opportunity.

Stockholder, Kirkwood, Mo.—There's only a narrow market for Jefferson Bank stock. If you wish to sell, place your order with a trustworthy broker at a fixed price, say 106 net to you. Sooner or later, the broker will get a "nibble," and if he understands his business, succeed in effecting a sale. As a rule, one has to wait several months before being able to buy or sell one of these inactive stocks.

J. F. K., Charleston, Ill.—New York Air Brake is quoted at a mighty fine figure—145. So would not advise purchases unless there's a material setback. The stock is highly speculative, and cleverly manipulated, at times, by parties affiliated with inside interests.

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A Perfect Lady

A philanthropic New York woman was entertaining in the spacious grounds of her suburban residence a large number of East Side children. On her rounds of hospitality she was impressed with one strikingly beautiful little girl. She could not have been more than nine years old, but her coal-black eyes flashed with intelligence. The hostess introduced herself and began a conversation.

"Does what you see here to-day please you?" she asked.

The child eyed her host in silence.

"Talk away," said the lady. "Don't be afraid."

"Tell me," then said the child, "how many children have you got?"

Astonished at the question, the lady hesitated for a moment, and then entered into the fun of the situation.

"Ten," she replied.

"Dear me," answered the child, "that is a very large family. I hope you are careful and look after them. Do you keep them all clean?"

"Well, I do my best."

"And is your husband at work?"

"My husband does not do any kind of work. He never has."

"That is very dreadful," replied the little girl earnestly, "but I hope you keep out of debt."

The game had gone too far for Lady Bountiful's enjoyment of it.

"You are a very rude and impertinent child," she burst out, "to speak like that, and to me."

The child became apologetic. "I'm sure I didn't mean to be, ma'am," she explained. "But mother told me before I came that I was to be sure to speak

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to you like a lady, and when any ladies call on us they always ask us those questions."—*New York Evening Post.*

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My Love Story

A lady of sagacity and beautiful audacity once had the pertinacity to ask me, at her door:

"If I can find a minister who is not bold or sinister—why should I stay a spinster—and you a bachelore?"

It was no time for puttering or stammering or stuttering, and so I hastened, uttering as fast as I could speak:

"Had I a home Colonial, with furnishings baronial, I might feel matrimonial—but NOT on six a week."

She laughed and said quite cynical: "Well, you're the very pinnacle of everything that's finical"—but I said nothing more.

And thus we found no minister, and I moved off to Finisterre, and she is still a spinster, and I'm a bachelore.

—*Richmond (Va.) Times-Dispatch.*

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Biggs (to his landlady)—I really can't dry myself properly with a tiny towel like this—will you have it seen to? Landlady—Certainly, I'll tell the maid not to bring you so much water. —*Comic Cuts.*

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When passing behind a street car look out for the car approaching from the opposite direction.

Enriching the Earth

Of course, if Dame Nature was a churlish old lady, instead of being the kind mother she is when her children draw upon her resources with intelligence, there would be no room on earth for the profession of landscape architecture. Equally, of course, there would be no impulse for the landscape architect to make better those things which Nature has provided in the way of raw material—for he is also of the raw material. And, do you know, it is a very fine thing to be so gifted as to be able to assemble the raw materials furnished by Nature—and so frequently badly assembled by the fecundity of the common mother? It is a much more important thing, so far as the race is concerned, to be able to make the earth more beautiful than to be merely able to take out of the earth so many dollars, though there is no manner of doubt that in making the earth more beautiful we also make it more prolific of dollars. Which is as much as to say that economy and beauty go hand in hand in the development of this, our mundane sphere.

Look, for instance, at Kansas City. Dame Nature was not even in a jocose mood when she laid down the site of the second city of Missouri. She was to some extent savage and to an even greater extent careless. She dumped down there on the banks of the Kaw a miscellaneous mess of raw material that contained the elements of beauty but which were horribly muddled. Then by way of compensation, she in a pleasanter mood produced a human so gifted as to be able to single out and assemble in beauteous form the spoil she had provided and George E. Kessler made Kansas City good to look at. Which argues some comprehensive knowledge of how to put together most unpromising natural material in order to produce a lovely whole.

It is a fine gift—and rarely cultivated—to be able to give man a better setting for his activities than was provided by Nature, and there are few men who possess it. When, as in the case of George Kessler, the gift is bestowed, it seems to be possessed in the superlative degree. There have been many men who are so gifted as to assemble pigments in such manner and form as to delight the eye; there have been others who could and did achieve marvels in the manipulation of marble and granite. But they were pygmies compared to the man who works with vast quantities of the products of the mineral and vegetable kingdoms and conforms his creation to the needs of a community.

For it is a vast undertaking to build the city beautiful, or to make over a city that has been spoiled in the making—which is the ambitious profession of the landscape architect. It is a profession that is not overrun for the reason that humanity is rather prone to deal with material that is more readily manipulated. And it may be fairly said that George Kessler has a place all his own at the head and front of this profession. Like all artists, he has ideals; he contemplates in his mind an ideal that measures in miles—even in leagues—and he deals with the miles, or leagues, as the potter deals with a bit of

clay. A mile or so of boulevard, a couple of hundred acres of turf and a few hundred trees, and there you are—a creation!

Yet, unlike most professions, landscape architecture afforded very few masters before the time of George Kessler. He did not imbibe his knowledge of his profession from a master who had learned it in his turn. It came into existence very largely with him. He went out West—into Kansas—as a young man, and there he found plenty of raw material to work with and from his experiments in forestry came his knowledge of how to put the raw materials of nature together so as to form a beauteous whole. He had a birthright in the appreciation of the beautiful coming from his German ancestry, and with



GEORGE E. KESSLER.
LANDSCAPE ARCHITECT.

that was a native appreciation of how economy might be made the handmaid of beauty. He had, and has, an infectious enthusiasm for the work of putting together Nature's apparent waste in lovely or splendid form. When he went at the job of producing loveliness from the waste of nature in Kansas City—some twenty-three years ago—he had a fixed plan in his mind and he realized that plan very largely, but prior to that his work had been very generally of a private sort and limited to small areas. But his success made landscape architecture popular and possible for municipalities. He had it in mind to make Chicago good to look at—which was rather an ambitious order. Here in St. Louis he made the setting for the Louisiana Purchase Exposition a dream of loveliness, and when the Exposition was over he was given charge of the work of restoration and he really gave to the city the Forest Park of to-day, redeemed from the utilitarian uses of the World's Fair.

From Baltimore to Denver, and from Detroit to Houston, George Kessler has left the impress of his art. With a mighty brush he has painted the surface of the earth and has made cities better places to live in, by the exercise of his genius. He has stopped here and there to beautify the grounds of a college or institution; he has made parks to bloom in the desert places and he has improved business conditions by making business easier of access. He may yet find means to bring to this city of his residence

—OLYMPIC—

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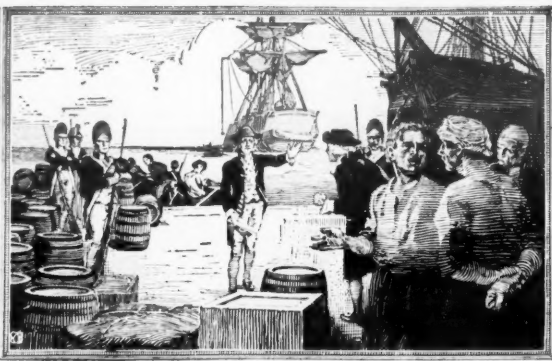
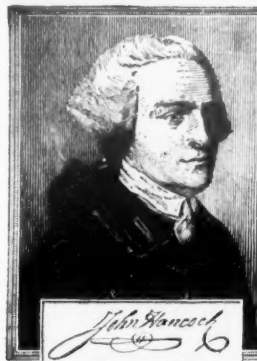


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card parties, rich wines, social dinners and festivities." Until the end of his life the people of Massachusetts loved to honor him. In the stirring events preceding the Revolution he was one of the most influential members of the Sons of Liberty. To this tireless worker for American Independence Liberty was the very breath of life. He would have frowned upon any legislation which would restrict the natural rights of man, and would have voted NO to prohibition enactments. It was upon the tenets of our National Spoken Word that Anheuser-Busch 58 years ago founded their great institution. To-day throughout the length and breadth of the Free Republic their honest brews are famed for quality, purity, mildness and exquisite flavor. Their brand BUDWEISER has daily grown in popularity until 7500 people are daily required to meet the public demand. Its sales exceed any other beer by millions of bottles. ANHEUSER-BUSCH ST. LOUIS, U. S. A.

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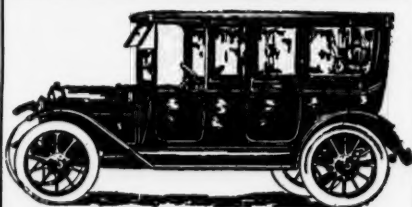
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